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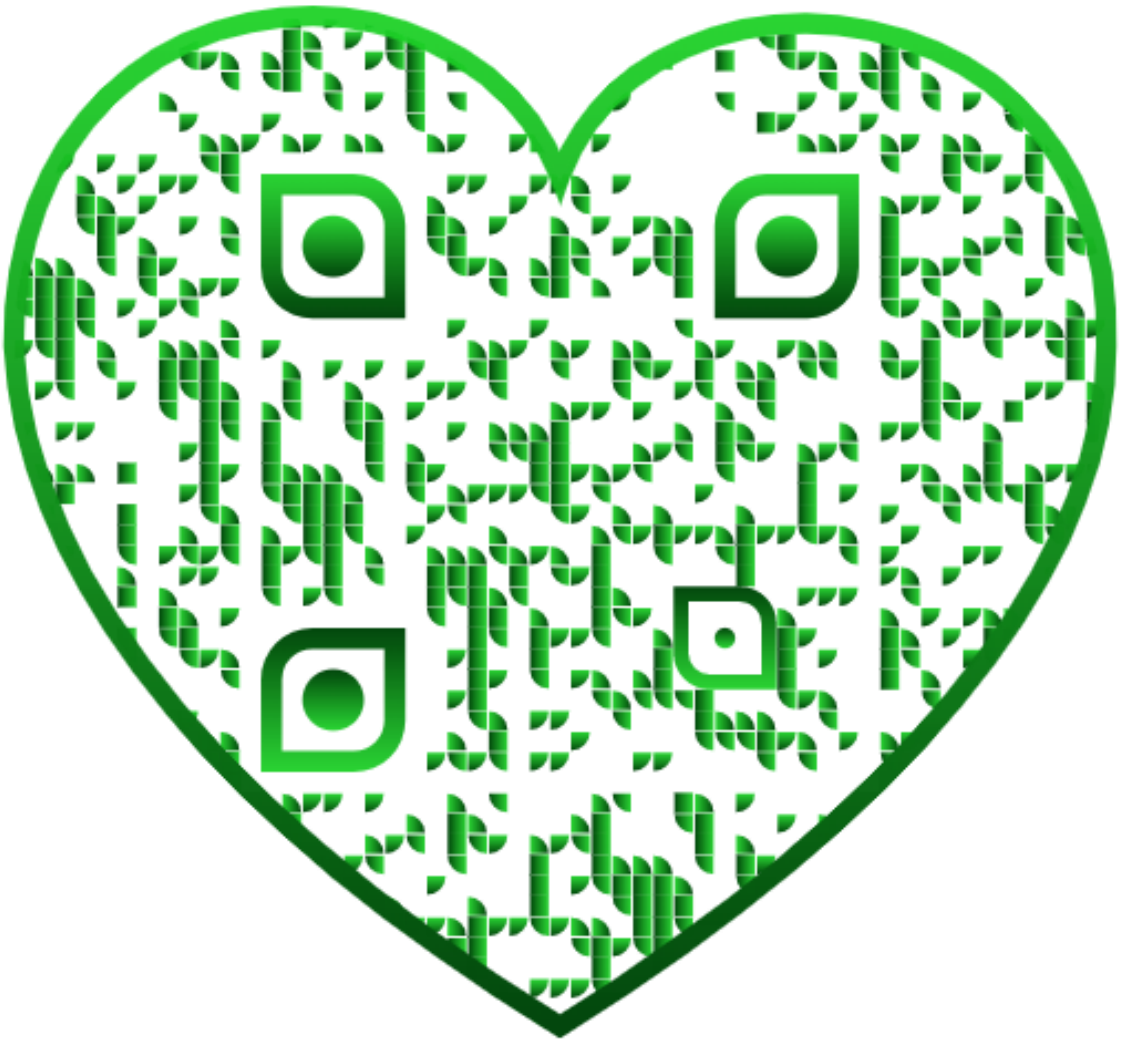

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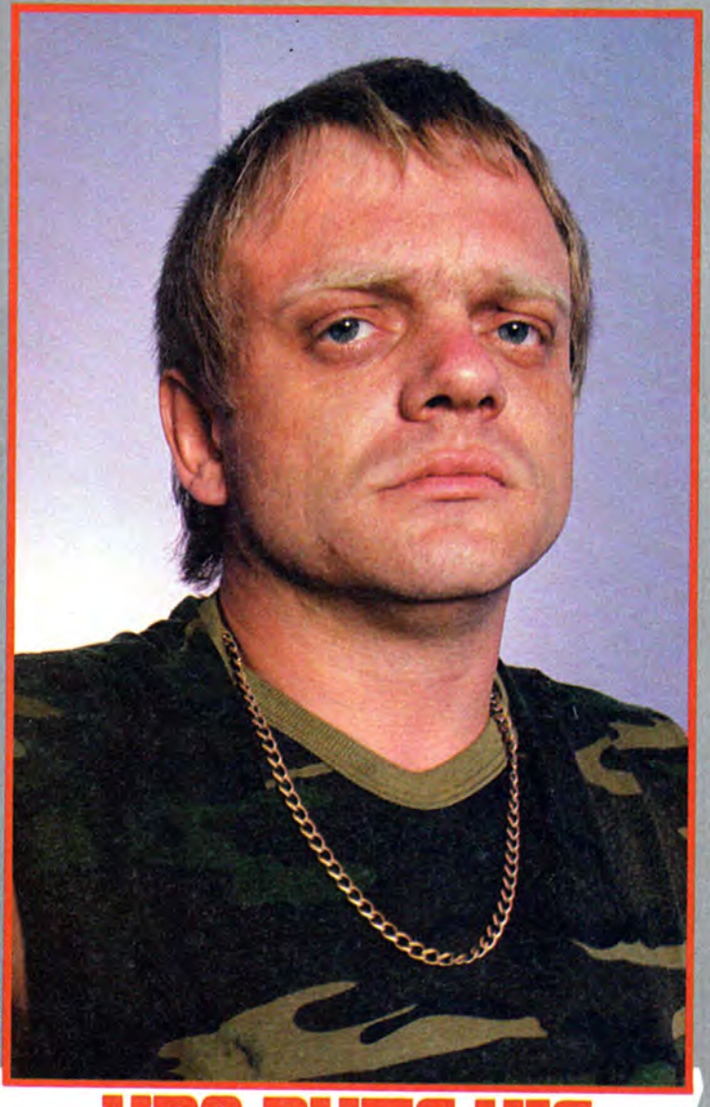


Pic Chris Walter

UDO PUTS HIS HOUSE IN ORDER

■ ***UDO DIRKSCHNEIDER,*** *ex-lead singer with* ***Accept,*** *has announced details of his new solo project, to be called simply,* ***UDO****. The band includes two former* ***Warlock*** *members,* ***Peter Szigeti*** *(guitar) and* ***Frank Riddel*** *(bass) along with* ***Mathias Dieth*** *(lead guitar – ex-****Sinner****) and* ***Thomas Franke*** *(drums).*

The band have a tour scheduled for January and February and their debut album, ***'Animal House',*** *will be released at the beginning of November on RCA. It was recorded at Dierks Studios, Cologne during August and September and produced by* ***Mark Dodson,*** *who remixed Accept's* ***'Russian Roulette'*** *LP.*

Tracks include: ***'Go Back To Hell', 'We Want It Loud', 'They Want War', 'Black Widow', 'Animal House', 'Run For Cover', 'Warrior', 'Hot Tonight', 'I'm Coming Home',*** *and* ***'In The Darkness'.***

UDO are currently deciding whether to add a bonus track, ***'Lay Down The Law',*** *an Accept original from 1976/7 first intended for the 'Russian Roulette' album. If it is included, it will be in the un-remixed, original form.*

Pic Joe Giron

FIVE ALIVE

■ *SEATTLE BAND* ***Fifth Angel*** *(above) have now signed a recording deal with Epic Records. The quintet, who are managed by Concrete Management, will begin work on their second album shortly, though as yet no more information on this LP is available.*

■ **DOKKEN** ARE expected to issue their latest album, **'Back For The Attack'**, through the Elektra label in the US on November 6. The LP is expected to be preceded by a single, viz **'Burn Like A Flame'**.

As yet, no details are available on a UK release.

The LP was originally to be produced solely by **Neil Kernon**. However, he was replaced midway during the project by **Steve Thompson** and **Michael Barbiero**, the two responsible for producing the **Tesla** LP **'Mechanical Resonance'** and also for mixing the **Guns n' Roses** album **'Appetite For Destruction'**.

The band will be supporting **Aerosmith** in the US, beginning on October 17.

Pic Ray Palmer

TAILZ GET TANKED UP

■ ***TIGERTAILZ*** *(BASSIST* ***Pepsi Tate*** *pictured above) will be issuing their debut album,* ***'Young And Crazy'****, through Music For Nations on November 2. Produced by* ***Steve James*** *at Gooseberry Studios in London, it has the following track listing:*

Side One: ***'Star Attraction', 'Hollywood Killer', 'Ballerina', 'Livin' Without You', 'Shameless',*** *and* ***'City Kidz'.***

Side Two: ***'Shoot To Kill', 'Turn Me On', 'She'z Too Hot', 'Young And Crazy'*** *and* ***'Fall In Love Again'.***

SHAW THING

■ FORMER **STYX** guitarist **Tommy Shaw** (above) issues his third solo album, **'Ambition'**, through Atlantic Records in the UK on October 19. Produced by Shaw with **Terry Thomas**, it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'No Such Thing'**, **'Dangerous Game'**, **'The Weight Of The World'**, **'Ambition'** and **'Ever Since The World Began'** (originally recorded by **Survivor**).

Side Two: **'Are You Ready For Me?'**, **'Somewhere In The Night'**, **'Love You Too Much'**, **'The Outsider'** and **'Lay Them Down'**.

Aside from Shaw (lead guitar/lead vocals), the LP also features the following musicians: Terry Thomas (guitar/keyboards/drum programming/backing vocals), **Tony Beard** (drums), **Felix Krish** (bass), **Wix** (keyboards), **Richie Cannata** (saxophone), **Steve Alexander** (percussion) and **Helena Springs** (backing vocals)

■ **JOHN PARR** and **Harold Faltermeyer** have contributed a song to the new **Arnold Schwarzenegger** movie **'The Running Man'**, which will be released shortly by Tri-Star. The track in question is titled **'Restless Heart'**.

The movie also stars **Yaphet Kotto** and was directed by **George Pan Cosmatos**. It is based on a **Stephen King** novella, written by the author under the pseudonym of **Richard Bachman**.

Parr, in the meantime, is working on his third as yet untitled album and this should see him using a number of top producers.

■ FORMER **KOOGA** manager **Leighton John** is currently in the throes of putting together a band called **Glass Darlings** who are described as 'electric cabaret'. As yet no details have been released on the line-up, however they are currently seeking a keyboards player/vocalist. Interested parties should send a tape/biography/photo to: Glass Darlings, **The Flat, The Edmondes Arms, Cardiff Rd., Cowbridge, South Glamorgan.** Anyone wishing further information can call one of the following numbers: **0685 4286/0639 884034/0639 888022.**

■ **LAWRENCE ARCHER**, former guitarist with **Grand Slam**, is presently putting together a new group, which will probably be called simply the **Lawrence Archer Band.**

Until recently Archer was working with lead vocalist **Rob Hawthorne**. However, this alliance has now been terminated.

GILL TALK

■ FORMER **SAXON/Motörhead** drummer **Pete Gill** (pictured above) is presently working on a studio single with lead vocalist/guitarist **Glen Marples** (ex-**Lonely Hearts**), lead guitarist **Andy Barrott** (also a member of **Baby Tuckoo**) and bassist **Paul Monroe.**

As yet there are no more details on the project, although it's likely that it will only be a one-off alliance.

Gill, in the meantime, is also expected to work in the near future with **John Verity**, whilst Marples hopes to put together a new band shortly.

EVO DECLARES WARFARE

■ **WARFARE** ARE marching back into battle, with a headlining date at London's Marquee on November 15 (probably supported by Germans **Exumer**). It marks one of the first Thrash gigs at the club, which has fought shy of the genre, and is also a sign of renewed activity by the controversial band headed by the formidable **Evo**(pictured right), drummer, singer and writer.

Evo fixed us with a steely gaze to tell all about the band's philosophy and its video album **'A Concept Of Hatred'** (released through Jettisoundz), which features such uncompromising items as **'Dance Of The Dead'**, **'Atomic Slut'**, **'Projectile Vomit'**, **'Burn The Kings Road'** and **'Hate To Create'**.

The lad, from Shildon, Co. Durham (home of steam railways), is teamed with **Gunner** (guitars) and **Zlaughter** (bass), and admits they have had a chequered career since starting back in 1984.

"We did the video in a church in Shildon," he explained. "Our first single called **'Noise, Filth And Fury'** did very well, and our first album **'Pure Filth'** was produced by **Algy** from **Tank.**

"In our early days we did a date at the Dynamite Club in Holland and we blew it apart! Our second album, **'Metal Anarchy'**, was produced by **Lemmy** in 1985. We did a tour of a few UK toilets, but we aborted that and went to Germany. Warfare don't tour now if we can help it.

WARFARE MAINMAN EVO: "I'm a very determined person"

"Don't I like playing live? Of course I do, but touring as such is pointless by the time you have had to pay for crews and hotels and the rest. I refuse to do it, for other people to capitalise on your efforts. I would prefer us to play one proper show. In fact we've only played 12 shows in three years. How do we live? We get paid for record sales and do really well, but I get the feeling we are the band everyone loves to hate. That was when we got banned for spitting at people and banned again for a video abouts kids hating society.

"Our new album, 'A Concept Of Hatred' has intellectual lyrics – they're not childish at all. We wrote to the Bishop Of Durham for permission to make the video of the album in the church, and they let us set up amps near the altar.

"People haven't taken what we do seriously in the past. But I've got a head on my shoulders. I'm not a silly boy, or I'd be back in the factories. I'm a very determined person."

But why all this obsession with that most negative of emotions – hatred?

"You need hatred to create. When you try to create you seal your fate as far as some people are concerned. We're not trying to be pessimists, although we've all been on the dole. But anybody can do something and create. I don't give a damn about anybody except us and the band, and I have great allegiance to all the fans who buy the records."

How far do you think Warfare will get in the great rock 'n' roll race?

"I don't think we'll ever get big. But the future is unwritten, I don't know what's going to happen. I feel optimistic – if it happens for us, great. Anything is better than nine to five.

"England is dead at the moment. Even the Germans have pi**ed all over us. We turned down a support gig for some American band – **Death Angel**. I'd sooner get pissed with me mates and write some lyrics than support some US band coming here for one gig.

"Warfare are a band who please themselves, we didn't form for the benefit of the press or the record companies. Our fans can see us on video in the comfort of their own homes. Why should some promoter make himself rich off us?

"I love rock 'n' roll, and I'm ambitious and think fast. I'm just pi**ed off that people say we are a joke band. That's what the 'hatred to create' is about. But then I like being hated. I get off on it!"

With that, the fast talking Mr. Evo glared and headed north to plot more mayhem and mischief.

CHRIS WELCH

FOOTNOTE: The band's new single out now on Neat is a version of **Robert Palmer's** **'Addicted To Love'**.

They will also be playing at London's Hammersmith Clarendon on November 6, and the album is due for release imminently.

■ **SAXON** ARE now working on their latest album with producer **Stephan Gelfas.**

Original plans to work with **Peter Hinton** (the man responsible for the production on **'Wheels Of Steel'** and **'Strong Arm Of The Law'**) were scrapped when it was decided that the band would be going for a more commercial sound and direction.

Hinton is now working in Yugoslavia on an album with **Wild Strawberries.**

■ **QUEEN** DRUMMER **Roger Taylor** has put together a new band called the **Cross.** Signed to the Virgin label, the group have just issued a single titled **'Cowboys & Indians'**, which was produced by Taylor with long-time cohort **Dave Richards.** A second, as yet untitled, 45 is expected to follow during November.

The band's line-up is Taylor (rhythm guitar/lead vocals), **Josh McCrea** (drums), **Clayton Moss** (lead guitar), **Peter Noone** (bass) and **Spike Edmey** (keyboards).

Needless to say this project has no effect on Taylor's relationship with Queen.

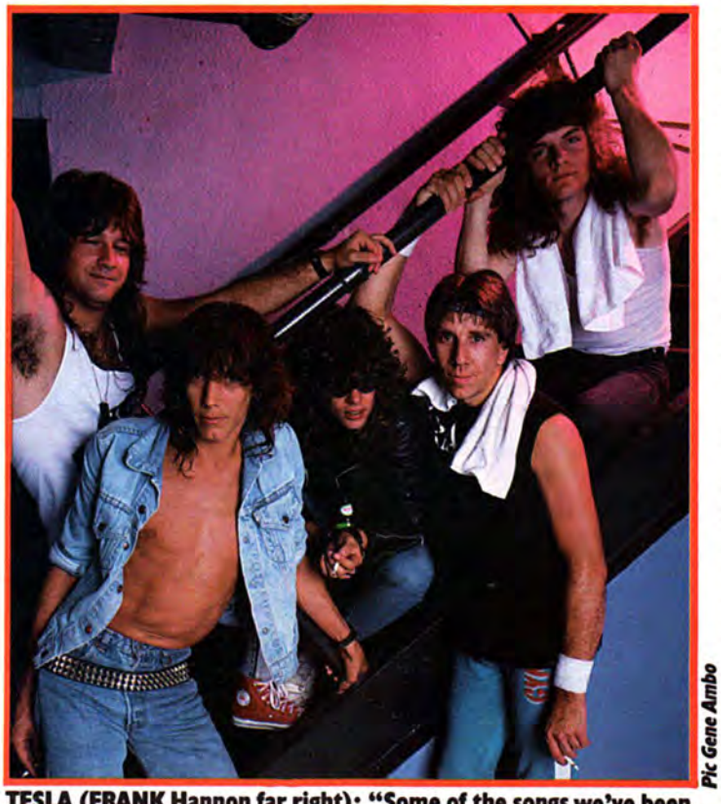
■ **TWELFTH NIGHT** are no longer in existence. However, four members of the band (drummer **Brian Devoil**, guitarist **Andy Revell**, keyboardsman **Rick Battersby** and bassist/keyboardsman **Clive Mitten**) plus new lead vocalist **Martyn Watson** (formerly with **Pookah Makes Three**) have formed a new, as yet unnamed band.

■ THE **MTV Video Music Awards** were recently held in Los Angeles and among the winners were the following: **Peter Gabriel** (**'Sledgehammer'** won the 'Best Video Of The Year'/'Best Special Effects In A Video'/'Best Art Direction In A Video'/'Best Editing In A Video'/'Best Direction In A Video'/'Most Experimental Video' categories), **U2** (**'With Or Without You'** won the 'Viewers Choice' category) and **Bon Jovi** (**'Livin' On A Prayer'** won the 'Best Stage Performance In A Video' category).

■ **TWENTY FLIGHT ROCKERS** have now left Warner Brothers and signed a new deal with Epic. The band intend to start work on an album shortly.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM

As they follow Def Leppard on tour around the world, it looks as if Sacramento sensations and purveyors of 'total hard rock' TESLA have 'just about got it made' . . .



Pic Gene Ambo

TESLA (FRANK Hannon far right): "Some of the songs we've been writing are just incredibly heavy!"

■ *BETWEEN YOU and me, I think it might be fair to say that there can't be many* Kerrang! *readers who've yet to succumb to* ***Tesla****'s brand of magnificent Metal. Strange how a band suddenly appears from out of nowhere and yet in the space of nine or so months can gain international acclaim, beating older rock soldiers hands down at their own game. Yup, from Akron to Aberdeen, the sound of Tesla has received nothing but unanimous critical approval and, for a change, Joe Public's got it dead right.*

Now, the question that we really ought to concern ourselves with is determining exactly why this should be so. What is it that makes Tesla's sound so special and how, out of the hundreds of new Metal hopefuls, is this particular band doing the running and earning all the praise? Why are Tesla breaking down barricades whilst others find the course pretty tough going?

The answer must surely be wrapped up in their sound. Delivering total hard rock (note not *Metal), Tesla have developed a unique style of rolling thunder that borrows from basic British raunch then adds a topping of American finesse for aerodynamic streamlining purposes. In Tesla there are elements of* ***Humble Pie, Bad Company, Led Zeppelin, Van Halen*** *and* ***Montrose*** *mixed in with great vocals, superior production and an energy level that hardly ever dives beneath the danger zone. Nothing has been missed, they cover all bases combining slow moody ballads, power packed rockers, blues breakers and supercharged sleaze into one utterly tasty package.*

As a peerless entity, they 've just about got it made. Attacking a scene desperately crying out for the arrival of new heroes, Tesla couldn't really be faulted. ***'Mechanical Resonance'****, their dynamic debut LP, raised more eyebrows than* ***Xavier Russell*** *ordering a half pint of alcohol-free shandy, leaving no-one in any doubt as to their capabilities.* ***'Modern Day Cowboy'*** *(the album's premier track),* ***'Changes'*** *and* ***'We're No Good Together'*** *showed immense intelligence, merging brutal powerchords with superb arrangements, whilst cuts like* ***'Rock Me To The Top'****,* ***'Cover Queen'*** *and* ***'EZ Come EZ Go'*** *rocked the stereo to its very foundations. Every song a cracker, all twelve of them, and what about* ***Jeff Keith****'s magnificent vocals? At last, a vox box with a voice to match his ego – a croaky, raspy throat displaying a similarity to the combined majesty of* ***Sammy Hagar****,* ***Kevin DuBrow*** *and* ***Steve Marriot*** *for sure, but retaining his own identity throughout.*

"That's an interesting observation about the British influence," reckons guitarist ***Frank Hannon****, sitting in his hotel room just hours away from the first of three nights supporting* ***Def Leppard*** *at the Hammersmith Odeon.*

"Our sound is certainly a lot more straight ahead and not as slick as most American bands. I think that's because we still love the classic British bands like ***Led Zeppelin****,* ***Humble Pie****,* ***Queen*** *and* ***UFO****. Actually when we first started out (as* ***City Kidd****) we used to play a lot of covers, stuff like UFO's* ***'Doctor Doctor'*** *and* ***'Lights Out'****,* ***Aerosmith****'s* ***'Nobody's Fault'****, and* ***'I Don't Need No Doctor'*** *from Humble Pie . . . Jeez, we even played Def Leppard's* ***'Wasted'*** *once!*

"Hopefully the next album will show us moving further towards an even more unique style. I think you'll be surprised at how improved our playing has become since that album was recorded. We've been on the road for something like six months solid and our sound is so much more powerful . . . some of the songs we've been writing are just incredibly heavy!"

Before we start looking into Tesla's future, let's get acquainted with the situation so far. Released in the USA last December, 'Mechanical Resonance' hit the Billboard *chart almost straightaway, gaining a strong foothold and eventually peaking at a highly respectable 32. (It's still in the chart after a spectacular 33 weeks!).*

Live work commenced with a head-first make-or-break tour supporting the ***Dave Lee Roth*** *band, and then, after a short break, continued with* ***Alice Cooper*** *before playing a handful of European shows (including two gigs at the Marquee). From there it was back to America supporting* ***Night Ranger****, and then playing at the massive Texxas Jam Festival headlined by* ***Boston*** *(see review issue 151) followed swiftly by a few club dates. And now, of course, they're back in Europe opening for Def Leppard on the start of a massive world tour which will keep Tesla occupied for at least another seven solid months. It'll come as little surprise then, to realise that Tesla will not be releasing a new album for at least another year or so.*

"There's a lot of life still left in the current album," continues Frank. "We've been building a real solid following which has snowballed into good record sales, but we want to make sure that we can draw large crowds by the time we release the next one.

"After we finish the European leg of the Leppard tour we're going back to New York for a couple of weeks, so I guess we'll try and work up some new songs. We've done several demo tapes in our practice studio and I think we've got at least twelve songs that we might consider using. At the end of the American tour, after a few weeks rest, we plan to review the whole situation and record the best songs. I've said this once, but I think you'll be shocked at the power the band have been developing."

*One of the new songs (***'Did It For Your Love'***) you might recall being previewed live at the Marquee earlier in the year, and if my memory isn't completely corrupted from too much molten Metal, I seem to remember that it's firmly rooted in the fine Tesla tradition of, say,* ***'Rock Me To The Top'*** *or* ***'Cummin' Atcha Live'*** *. . . heavy, melodic and totally electric.*

*Once the roadwork is finally finished, the lads intend to record their next album using the same studio and production team (****Steve Thompson*** *and* ***Michael Barbiero****) who worked on their debut album, preferring, thank heavens, not to interfere with a winning formula.*

With most Eighties bands rampaging around the world's stages regurgitating a safe yet utterly pale imitation of all that has gone before, it's nice to know that there's at least one band, namely Tesla, who are prepared to manipulate their heritage in a more positive manner. And hey, let's hear it for the lack of spandex! ***DEREK OLIVER***

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ROXX AND A HARD PLACE

Away from the familiar sleaze hotbeds of New York and Los Angeles, DEREK OLIVER discovers a thriving Glam Rock scene in Florida and assesses the pout-ential of Tampa tasties ROXX GANG

ROXX GANG: "The point about bands like Poison is that they're really ripping off the Stones, Aerosmith and Hanoi Rocks whilst we're just influenced by them . . ."

■ *SLEAZE. A word usually associated with the gutter glitter of New York and a night out catching* ***Aerosmith*** *trashing the living daylights out of Madison Square Garden.*

Sleaze. Somethin' every resident of Los Angeles knows about as well, trooping down to the Troubadour to check out a hot 'n' sticky three-band package featuring ***Guns n' Roses, Janes Addiction*** *and* ***Jetboy****.*

Sleaze. Not the kinda degeneracy you expect to find in Florida, is it? But the fact is that there is a growing Glam scene in Florida, centred on a simply stunning quintet called ***Roxx Gang****.*

Heavy? You betcha! Sleazy? Just wait till you hear the grinding guitars! Sexy? Well, I'm no poofta but . . . hell's bells, this is the most serious sleaze act I've come across in months.

Go on, take a gander. Check out the hair for starters, then thrill yourself with the black nail varnish and glossy lipstick. And they've got the best collection of crumpled satin, leather and lace I've seen this side of ***Cinderella's*** *wardrobe.*

Roxx Gang are residents of Tampa, Florida, where they've been doing their best to raise the roof and cause as much havoc as humanly possible.

They've also been spending a lot of time dodging tree trunk-size fists thrown by enraged Rednecks and ducking the ice cold stares of middle-aged churchgoers, shocked and stunned by the band's bizarre dress sense.

"Sure, you've gotta watch your ass down here," reckons lecherous leader ***Kevin Steele****, "but we've learnt how to handle that kinda problem. I mean, a little while ago we were playing in front of an audience when some guy pulled out a pistol and started shooting the place up. Let's face it, that's heavy."*

Although Roxx Gang are based in Tampa, none of the band are actually natives of the area. They all drifted there from various parts of the States, primarily to find a little peace of mind and, of course, to raise a little hell.

Having played in all kinds of bands from Metal to punk, the various Roxx Gangsters soon spotted they each had something in common; both visually and musically. Raunchy rock 'n' roll was the name of the game, and ***Gary Glitter, Mott The Hoople, Iggy Pop*** *and* ***T. Rex*** *influences ran rampant.*

"There isn't exactly a glam scene in Florida, although I think we're sort of generating an interest in it," states Kevin. "This place isn't a hick town any more; there's a lot of very forward-thinking kids around and it's actually becoming quite an alternative place to live."

But isn't it disheartening not being a part of the LA scene?

"No. Y'see we've been playing this kind of stuff a long time, before bands like ***Poison*** *even got off the ground. The point about those bands is that they're really ripping off the* ***Stones****, Aerosmith and* ***Hanoi Rocks*** *whilst we're just influenced by them. Besides, living out here means that we've been set apart from the movement, which suits us fine."*

The other members of Roxx Gang include guitar masters ***Jeff Taylor*** *and* ***Wade Hayes****, bass basher* ***Roby Strine*** *and drummer* ***David James Blackshire****. Together, they make a sound that leaps around the ears like a rocket – a powerpack combination of Aerosmith,* ***Mötley Crüe, Black 'N Blue*** *and* ***Ratt****. Glorious hooklines, pulsating bass, rock steady drums, brutal guitars and the super pouting vox of Kevin Steele topping it off.*

"I'm into image in a big way. ***Steve Tyler****'s got a lot to answer for y'know!" sez Kevin. "I'll tell ya, the thing that really got me interested in playing rock 'n' roll was the image. I used to think, I wanna live that lifestyle and run around looking like that. It's a really romantic thing."*

Having opened shows in their early days for the likes of ***Black Oak Arkansas, Savatage*** *and* ***Girlschool****, Roxx Gang soon progressed to headlining status and recorded their first batch of demos. Receiving only a reasonable response from the ever-slack record labels, only Combat Records made much of an effort to get involved.*

Combat suggested that Roxx Gang record an album's worth of material to master tape quality with producer ***Carl Canedy****. On the face of it, this seemed rather strange, Canedy being noted for his very Heavy Metal background (he drums with the* ***Rods*** *and generally produces Thrash bands). Surely it wouldn't work?*

"Yeah, that's what we thought too," says Kevin. "I was real hesitant at first, but Carl did a great job and I'm very pleased with it."

The ten tracks actually recorded form an album titled ***'Love 'Em And Leave 'Em'*** *which is, at this very moment, being submitted to a string of major record companies in order to gain a deal. The plan is to present the whole package, finished album, incredible image and a willingness to tour like crazy, in the hope that someone will give 'em the chance to go for it in a big way. If Cinderella made it then I'm damn sure Roxx Gang will too.*

So, you obviously want to get hold of the album right? Well unfortunately you'll have to wait until the band's management ties up a record deal. Failing that, it'll appear on an independent label – so keep yer eyes on this space for further details.

Contact Roxx Gang for yourself c/o ***Steele Management, 7002 124th Terrace North, Largo, Florida 34643, USA****. Give them your support and don't forget to enclose an IRC if you want a reply . . . or a smudge of lipstick!*

■ AUSSIE ROCKERS **Rose Tattoo** have just begun work on a new album with producer **Steve James**. As yet no more information has been forthcoming on the band's plans, nor is it known whether their line-up has altered since the release (in Australia only) of their last LP, **'Beats From A Single Drum'**.

■ **STATETROOPER** HAVE lost the services of keyboardsman **Steve Glover** and lead guitarist **Brian Robertson**. However, the remaining members of the band (lead vocalist **Gary Barden**, bassist **Jeff Brown**, guitarist **Jeff Summer** and drummer **Bruce Bisland**) intend to carry on and are currently seeking suitable replacements for the departed pair. Interested parties should send a tape/biography/photo to: **Joe Miller, London Pride Management. 259 Liverpool Rd., London N1.**

Robertson and Glover, in the meantime, intend to stick with each other and put together a new band. They are currently seeking suitable musicians, their priority being (according to 'Robbo') "a phenomenal singer brimming with confidence, who looks fantastic, has great stagecraft . . . and readily acknowledges my genius!"

Already, Robertson and Glover (who left Statetrooper due to disagreements over musical direction) have been hard at work in a London studio preparing material. As yet, though. there is no name for the band.

■ **MGM** ARE demoing new material at a studio in Buckinghamshire and intend to record their debut album during late October/November in Los Angeles. As yet, though, neither the name of the producer involved with this LP nor the label that will eventually release it have been disclosed.

■ AFTER A brief delay, Vertigo have released **'Mayhemic Destruction'** the debut album from Australian band **Mortal Sin**. The LP sleeve was designed by **Simon Bisley**, most renowned for his incredible work on the new line in *Kerrang!* merchandising.

■ POLYDOR INTERNATIONAL have just made available the self-titled debut album from **Stan Bush & Barrage** in the UK, although it will only be on sale as an import from Holland.

In the meantime the band are currently touring Germany supporting **Lou Gramm**.

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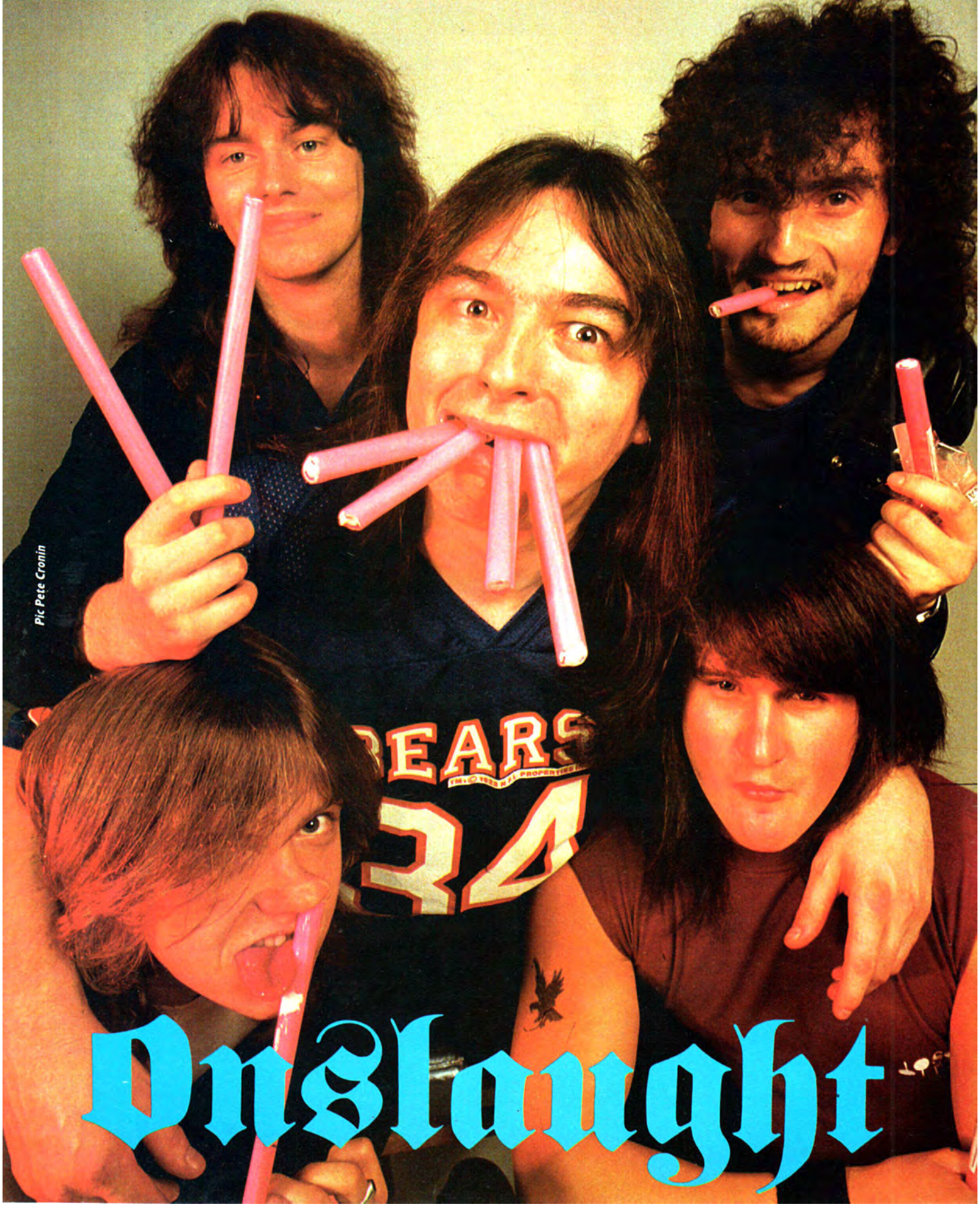
YEAH, YEAH, as **'Oward Johnson** might say: rock 'n' roll. Or, for that matter: rock candy!

Here we see Bristol band **Onslaught** espousing the virtues of good ole seaside rock and in doing so surreptitiously trying to promote their latest single on the Under One Flag label, namely a cover version of **AC/DC**'s **'Let There Be . . . *Rock***'! This comes out on October 19 and the first 5,000 copies of the 12" record will contain a free poster. Not only that, but the flip will have two live cuts: **'Metal Forces'** and **'Power From Hell'/ 'Angels Of Death'**.

Wot, no free stick of rock?! 'Fraid not, but if you wanna complain then may I suggest that you go down to either **Bristol Granary** on October 15 or the **Hammersmith Clarendon Ballroom** on November 6, where you'll be able to see the boys in live action with new rhythm guitarist **Rob Trottman**, and also vent your disgust at the absence of candy with the single (reviewed on page 25).

So all together now in time-honoured **'Krusher'** fashion: Rock Hard, Rock Heavy, Rock . . . ANIMAL!

MALCOLM DOME



Onslaught

BAD NEWS

CATCH THEM IN THE RAW

OCTOBER
23 HANLEY VICTORIA HALL
24 EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
25 NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
26 MANCHESTER APOLLO
27 SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
28 NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CENTRE
29 BRADFORD ST GEORGES HALL
30 POOLE ARTS CENTRE
31 EXETER UNIVERSITY

NOVEMBER
1 BIRMINGHAM HIPPODROME
2 PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
3 CARDIFF ST DAVID'S HALL
4 BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
5 HAMMERSMITH ODEON

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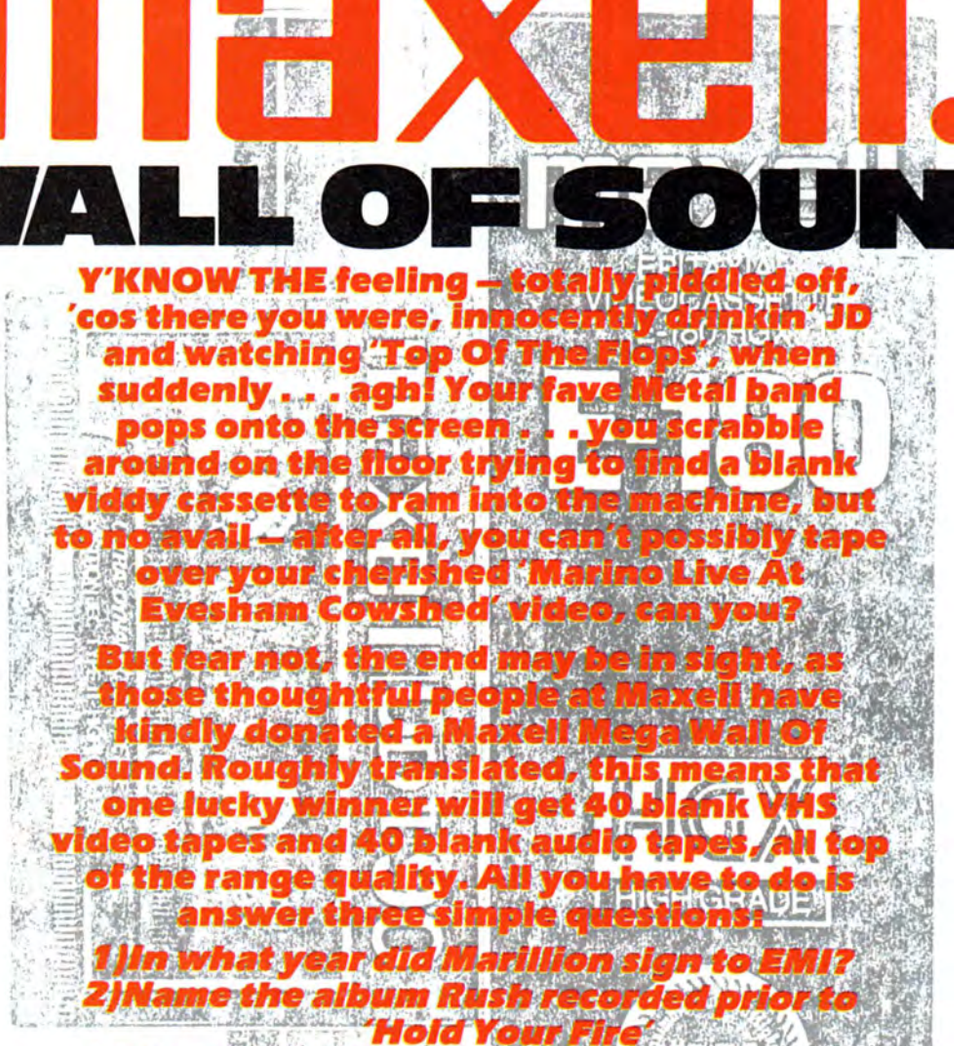

Y'KNOW THE feeling – totally piddled off, 'cos there you were, innocently drinkin' JD and watching 'Top Of The Flops', when suddenly . . . agh! Your fave Metal band pops onto the screen . . . you scrabble around on the floor trying to find a blank viddy cassette to ram into the machine, but to no avail – after all, you can't possibly tape over your cherished 'Marino Live At Evesham Cowshed' video, can you?

But fear not, the end may be in sight, as those thoughtful people at Maxell have kindly donated a Maxell Mega Wall Of Sound. Roughly translated, this means that one lucky winner will get 40 blank VHS video tapes and 40 blank audio tapes, all top of the range quality. All you have to do is answer three simple questions:

1)In what year did Marillion sign to EMI?
2)Name the album Rush recorded prior to 'Hold Your Fire'
3)On which album did Ritchie Blackmore join forces with Big Jim Sullivan?

Done it? Great. Post your answers (on a postcard, pleez) to: *Kerrang!* Maxell Kompetition, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ.

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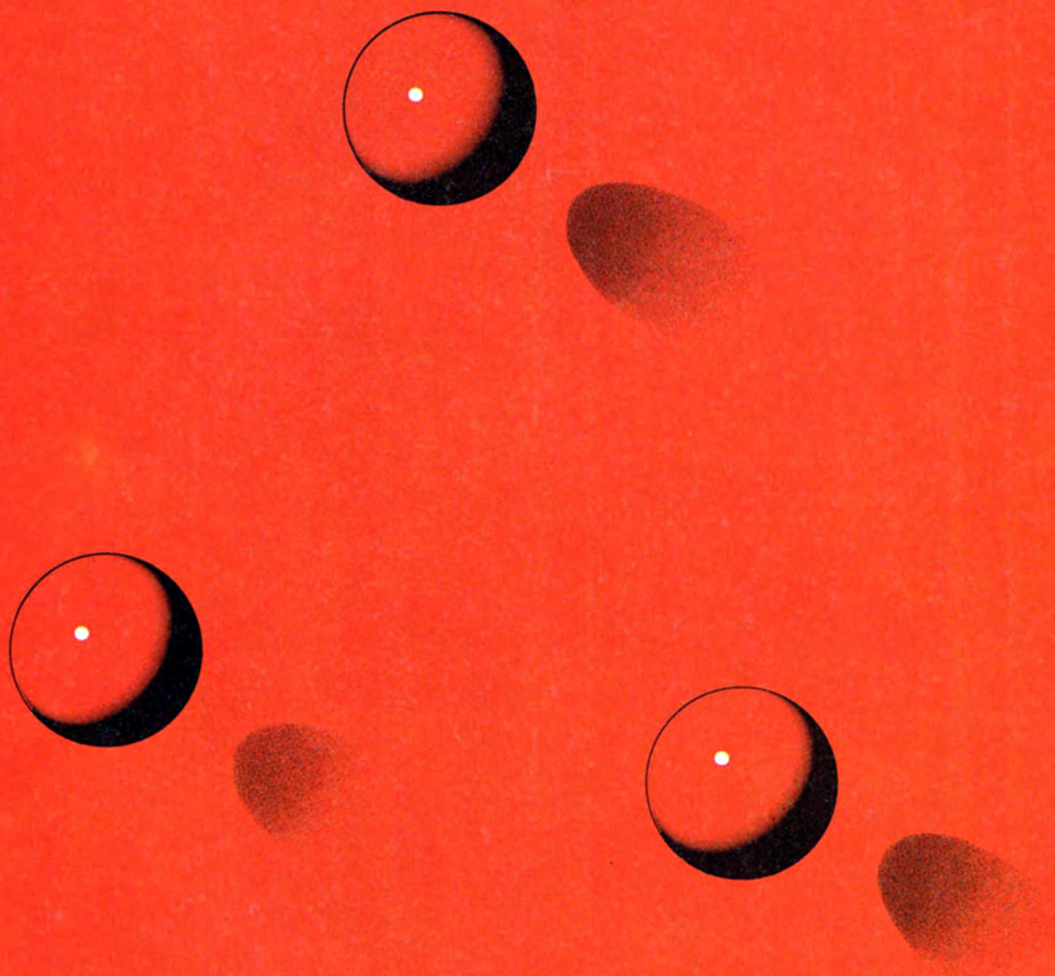

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APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION

No blurb, no preamble, no waffle . . . just the most revealing interview with legendary DEEP PURPLE guitarist RITCHIE BLACKMORE you're ever likely to read. In-depth conversation by TOOTS DALEY

I'VE NEVER made any big secret of my passion for and fascination with the music of Deep Purple (a *closet* HM fan is one thing I am definitely not), especially my fan-like admiration for the virtuosity of guitarist Ritchie Blackmore. I realise the DP circus has long left town, but in view of all the negative media attention they received, I felt that a positive article allowing one of the group to state his views would still be relevant, and I must say that Mr Blackmore certainly dispelled the ongoing myth of his bad boy image by affording me no end of co-operation (the guy even lent me his tape recorder!).

Ritchie Blackmore and vicious rumours seem to go hand in hand; and, of course, being a 24-carat media brat I soak them up and believe them all – the difficult bastard who hires and fires and drinks the blood of virgins, etc. Just the casual mention of his name seems to induce either nervous twitching, undiluted venom or outright sarcasm. Sure, Mr B isn't exactly his own best PR, going to great lengths to distance himself from media and record company types alike, yet is must be said that during this tour he was the only member of the group to consistently entertain fans in his dressing room . . . and on the football field!

You may not be aware of this, but the man in black has a raging passion for football and at any opportunity will organise a match in every city the band plays in. As one might expect, the majority of the DP entourage is usually too busy recovering from the night before to make any worthwhile contribution so the teams tend to be a combination of awestruck fans and unwilling (and *unhealthy*!) media types.

The fans' participation is always rewarded with a backstage pass and you're more likely to find some denim-clad youth who's hitch-hiked his way to the show supping on the group's backstage goodies than the usual host of celebs and liggers. It would be hard to deny that Ritchie is often unpredictable – to say the least – but he's no bigger bastard than the average legendary muso.

In fact, as photographer Ross Halfin will admit, Blackmore was the only member of the Purple entourage *not* to give us any grief. At one point, our beloved Halfwit was instructed not to point his sacred lens at any other member of the band while they were onstage. I can honestly say, hand on heart, that going on the road with Ritchie was a sheer delight, and the fact that 99.9 per cent of the press hate his guts has done nothing to affect the adulation of the fans (in fact, one of the Birmingham audience accompanies me on the interview).

RATHER THAN waste too much space with self-indulgent, sycophantic waffle about the general wonderfulness of Purple, I thought it would be a smarter idea to dedicate all the pages available to The Interview, which I think speaks for itself. However, before finally signing off I *would* like to stress that prior to going on the road with the band and witnessing a stunning performance in Birmingham I was as apprehensive as most people about this reunion business after the shoddy debacle at Knebworth. I'll even admit that this year's shows at Wembley Arena stunk worse than a bag of my flatmate's socks (and he's a roadie), but if you could have seen that aforementioned gig in Brum where the five finished off with an impromptu version of 'Speed King' and Blackmore swapped instruments with bassist Roger Glover in the middle of 'Smoke On The Water', you'd realise why Purple were and always will be one of the greatest heavy rock bands ever to shake the portals of this planet.

There was also a night to remember for the chosen few when Blackmore made an unscheduled appearance with the Jackie Lynton Band at some anonymous London pub. There we saw the genius of the man who, along with Clapton, Page, Beck and Hendrix, can convey his brand of magic with or without the aid of 1000 watt amps and all the other pyrotechnics the space age has brought us. Here we saw Blackmore playing Black Blues with the sort of compassion and fire that can only come from someone who has spent the best part of a quarter of a century playing the role of musician.

In fact, *all* of Purple are playing better than ever, including Ian Gillan, whose voice has become a lethal instrument since the recent removal of his tonsils. And I've been told on pretty good authority that the next DP vinyl release will be a live album, an exciting prospect indeed.

And now . . . The Ritchie Blackmore Interview.

DO CERTAIN things trigger you off when you're performing?

"Definitely. When I'm on stage I play the first two numbers blind. I'm out there with just my momentum driving me on, and then halfway through the second number I start to look up at the front row, and then maybe the third number I start to look around. If anything is going to go wrong it's around about the third number that I start to notice it.

"It's exactly like you said, something triggers me off. I'm in a great mood, I'm trying hard, I'm all psyched up, then suddenly something will happen . . ."

But it doesn't seem to be obvious things . . .

"No, it's never obvious things. I'll just see one *little* thing. I'll maybe see someone backstage who I don't like, or it could be someone in the band playing something that I don't like. Or if I hear myself playing badly that will put me off too. Or maybe incompetence with the lights and the sound, that could throw me, after which I'll sulk for the rest of the show. That's my worst problem, sulking because of incompetence."

Do you ever forget what makes you react like that?

"Well, I know what it is when it happens, but very often by the time I get offstage after a two hour set I've forgotten what the hell it was that upset me and then I think it must be me. But then I think back and remember what it was.

"Like the other night, what upset me was that in the middle of 'Child In Time' I looked up at Jon (Lord) and he wasn't even playing during my solo – he had his arms folded! He was watching me and I thought, 'Why isn't he playing?!' That puts me off. Or as I said before, a lighting cue can mess up and then Ian will say something that annoys me, and after about four little things you've suddenly got this big cloud of doom above your head because everything's not perfect.

"Then you start sliding, you start tripping over yourself; it's like, I can do better than this, and you're trying so hard to please that you end up like a little schoolkid, running offstage, stamping your feet and going, 'NO! I'm not going to play! It's not right so I'm not going to play *at all*!' I should say, 'OK, so it's not perfect, we'll overlook that – the audience probably didn't even notice, just get on with the show', but I simply can't seem to do that. I start sulking and dwelling on stupid little negative things."

The way you talk about it, it's as if there's something that annoys you about yourself. Is this something you've looked into before?

"I really wish I could overlook this shit. I wish I could just say, 'Hey, everybody makes mistakes', but I get so emotional about the act, so emotional onstage . . ."

But can't that be an advantage *as well?*

"Yes, it's an advantage in that you can reach peaks of greatness, but you can also reach depths of doom and that's why there are times when I refuse to do encores. It's not because I'm lazy or not into it, or because I want to go home, something as trivial as that. It's usually when something hasn't come off quite right and I feel embarrassed or annoyed, bitter – it's a collection of a lot of negative thoughts. So I sulk and stomp off. I just can't go out there and play like a robot."

KONTINUEZ PAGE 14

RITCHIE BLACKMORE: "I think a lot of my anger is frustration. I'm frustrated about being angry and angry about being frustrated. I'm frustrated about not knowing what I'm angry about . . . "
Pic Ross Halfin

DESTRUCTION

FROM PAGE 12

Have you ever done that?

"Yeah sure, I've gone out there a few times, gone out there and played like a robot, played an encore and thought 'To hell with it, I'm going to be like the rest, I don't care, why should I take all the responsibility and care so much.' You can't care *that* much. You've got to limit yourself. You can't go through life caring too much or you'll end up in a hospital with ulcers."

THAT LEADS me to the next question: do you ever think about letting your audience down just because something beyond their control has upset you? Or have you gone beyond that stage; do you just play for your own satisfaction these days?

"Yeah, I do play for myself but with the audience very heavily in mind. I have a great deal of respect for the audience; in fact, I have a total dedication to the audience and myself, but I come first. The audience is close behind. If I get disgusted with something I play, I start to lose faith in myself and then, naturally, the audience suffers."

How much of yourself do you give?

"I like to try and give 100 per cent, but at the same time if I feel rejected in the slightest I turn around and go, 'F**k them!' I'm not at all professional when it comes to keeping-your-chin-up-let's-try-and-see-it-through attitude. . . I can't do that. I've never, ever done it in my life, successfully. Consequently, I've walked off at Wembley nearly every time I've played there. I think my ultimate ambition is to play an encore at Wembley (laughs)."

This isn't the first time that you've admitted to finding it difficult to maintain a professional attitude; if that really is the case, how did you, in the case of Rainbow, manage to lead and front a band for so long?

"I don't know. I do have a very strict routine; I eat well, I try to sleep well. I know I drink too much . . . I'll have to think about that. I can always associate with Hendrix – not that I'm in the same league, but I can feel for him. When he played the Royal Albert Hall he did a terrible show. I could tell he had a lot on his mind and he got too sensitive about the gig. And if you listen to bootlegs of it, he starts f**king up and there's no applause, there's this ominous silence 'Jimi's not making it' – and of course he can feel this.

"Anyway, according to Chris Welch (famous British journalist and *Kerrang!* Features/Reviews Editor), after the gig he went off to a little night club called the Speakeasy and did an incredible show; he'd had a few drinks and was more relaxed.

"But as soon as you're put onto that pedestal you can easily topple. It's a very shaky area. To take up the guitar in the first place you're usually quite sensitive and unfortunately that can backfire on you. I can't block people out, you see, I pick up on people's emotions . . ."

Does it ever annoy you when people say, 'Oh, Ritchie Blackmore – he's that moody bastard'?

"No, that doesn't worry me at all; it would worry me if people didn't say *anything*. It would worry me if they said, 'Oh, he's just doing the usual, who cares?', *that* would worry me. When they go, 'Moody Bastard!' at least that means they're thinking about it."

Are you your own No. 1 critic?

"To a certain degree, though I *do* listen to people who have nothing to do with the music business, people who have a totally objective point of view, as in a girlfriend or whatever. I'll ask them what their favourite track is or how they felt about the act. Usually, they'll say something like, 'But I don't know anything about music' not realising that's exactly the type of person I want to talk to, because people like us know too much about music.

"I don't want to hear a musician's point of view, because he's not going to buy the f**kin' record anyway. I mean, I'd buy medieval music or some off-the-wall stuff, I'm not going to go out and buy some commercial band and nor are they. So they're the last people I give a shit about – musicians, f**kin' scourge of the earth!"

Do you think so? In what respect?

"I think we'd all be better off without musicians. I think it should be party time, man, good vibes, and we should all just take drugs (laughs)."

DO YOU have any ambitions outside of Deep Purple?

"My ultimate fantasy consists of two things and they might sound simple to most people. I want to organise a Renaissance Fair in America or England. I'd like to cordon off an area of about three miles and have a fence all the way around it and have a marquee set up, as in the 16th century. There would be fortune telling tents, tarot card readings, palmistry tents, archery contests. There would be a king and a queen and they would be crowned. There would be an open spit with a pig being roasted and a little stage with a ballet going on. There would be pick-pickets, there would be paid actors infiltrating all the people and nobody would be allowed to enter without being dressed up.

"They would buy their ticket and it would be off with the suit and on with the big heavy thigh boots; they'd have to wear a musketeer's hat, a waistcoat, whatever would blend in. I'd have wandering minstrels, of course, and people on horseback would be able to enter free. I'd serve Mead (an old English drink made from honey and beer) and that is what I fantasise about. I'm thinking of doing it in Vermont; it would probably cost quite a bit, but I don't mind losing money because I'd have a great time even if I was the only one there!"

What about the Wandering Minstrels you talked about?

"Yes, my other fantasy is to form a band – a medieval band playing Renaissance music, 16th Century 1550's Tilman Susato stuff. He wrote music for instruments like crumhorns, rackets, regals and recorders, flute and guitar. I'd like to have maybe an eight-piece doing pageantry music. I get off on all that stuff. There's something that really grips me when I hear it. It gives me the shivers. And we'd play at weddings or other off-the-wall places.

"I'd love to do that and alternate it with what I'm doing now. And I'd go under a different name and the people we'd play to wouldn't be rock'n'rollers and I would just be another guitarist playing with recorders and all those types of instruments. I think I have a good 16th century repertoire; all I've got to do is find the other players!"

What attracts you to that type of music?

"I don't know, it's something that has always moved me. It's something that hits me in the soul."

But it seems to be totally opposed to what you're about – I mean you're an electric guitarist!

"Funnily enough, there's a similarity between heavy, heavy rock and medieval pageantry music. They're connected. If you listen there's a correlation there, a theme. Anyway, I can see it, it's very majestic. I play majestic, resonant rock and I feel pageantry music has the same overall sound – it's amazing how close it is to rock."

Musically, do you feel you've achieved all there is to achieve on electric guitar?

"No, not at all. I haven't even touched on it. In fact, I think a lot of my anger is frustration. I'm frustrated about being angry and angry about being frustrated. I'm frustrated about not knowing what I'm angry about."

I understand (I think). But is that to do with the guitar, the music business or what?

"I think it's the guitar, because I keep myself away from the business side of things. I avoid things like record company dinners, I don't go to press receptions and the only press people I know are personal friends. I really don't want to get involved, that's for showbiz people and I can't relate to them. I think of people like Judy Garland, people like that."

When you got into rock'n'roll wasn't it a reaction to the falseness of showbiz?

"Yes, I guess it was rebelling against society. At school I was very quiet. Everyday people would come up to me and say, 'Why don't you smile more often?' or 'You look incredibly white, are you OK?' And that kind of wore thin after a while. I think at the age of 15 I was excited about rock'n'roll for the above reasons, but now I'm excited for different reasons. I guess I've developed a more sophisticated approach.

"Obviously, the older you get, the more you draw away from the pummelling-your-head-against-the-wall type of approach. Purple never employed the AC/DC style, straight 4/4, everyone banging their heads . . ."

I don't really think that would sound natural for you guys . . .

"No, we always like to add in that bit of weirdness. We always have to educate the audience just a little bit. There's something in all of us in the band where we feel we have to take chances. We purposely play things that are either too slow or too fast to see how the audience will react.

"'Dead Or Alive', for example (a track on current 'The House of Blue Light' album), is much too fast for the audience to relate to; Beethoven is in 6/8 and they can't tap their foot to that, that's a little bit strange. I know whenever I play any guitar extemporisation, I use a very syncopated beat so that as soon as I hear people clapping to it I deliberately offset that clapping by making it sound out of time. Anybody in the world can go onstage and say, 'Do you wanna rock'n'roll? Do you feel alright? Yeah, put your hands together etc, etc . . .'"

Ian (Gillan) must be the ultimate antidote to the clichéd frontman . . .

"Yeah, Ian's above all that, he doesn't have to do that. Every other band does, except for people like Ian Anderson (Jethro Tull), which is why I can always watch him. He'll never ask the audience if they want to get down and boogie. He has far too much to offer to have to resort to all the old clichés."

Do you think there's any age limit in rock'n'roll?

"I think there is an age limit in the showbiz type of rock that we're involved in but if you're into Blues, more like Eric Clapton or BB King, then you can go on forever. But with this showbiz rock you're basically

playing to an audience who are in the 16-22 age group and that's hard to do.

"When you get to 41 you start relying more and more on music, though it's clear that the majority of people don't want to hear jazz otherwise players like Charlie Mingus would be No. 1 in the hit parade. So you're treading on thin ice there. The question is, how far can you go in the showbiz rock'n'roll world of the music industry – industry being the key word – before getting into the blues type of approach or in my case the medieval type of approach?"

HAVE YOU come to any conclusions about your future?

"With Purple I can't see it going on much longer. Maybe only another 25 years (laughs)! After that I think my number's up – I'm going to have to move on. As I've already mentioned, I see myself being in this little Renaissance group. That's my dream."

At one time I recall you were quite keen on doing a solo project . . .

"Yeah, but the solo thing is all so boring, isn't it? Whenever I hear someone saying they're doing a solo album, well, that just means they've fallen out with their band and their egos have got the better of them and off they go to do their solo record, man!"

How much do you think the people in Purple have changed?

"I don't think they've changed at all, I think they're exactly the same – including me. In a positive sense, each one of us has become more aware of the other ones' failings and a bit more tolerant as a result. Not a lot more, but enough to understand that you don't say something negative the moment you get offstage. It's very important when you're playing in a band with five people that when you have something to say that's not very nice you don't say it within the first half hour after the show. You're so removed from reality at that point that you can't say anything and keep your feet on the ground.

"I've recently realised that rock'n'roll is very heavily involved with drinking. Last night I was onstage thinking, 'Christ, I've had a lot to drink', and in a way, through that, I can narrow down my field of vision to the point where I'm not aware of anything else. It's so important in rock'n'roll to be totally 100 per cent into playing – in my case, the guitar. I have to close my eyes and get into the guitar. I can't be sober or straight because then I'd be aware of too many things around me.

"When I'm getting drunk I'm actually more in control, I have things more in a narrow field of vision – I get them down to a fine channel of thought, and I can't get that channel of thought unless I'm half nogged out of my head. If my train of thought goes I just don't have any continuity on the guitar. So to get that phrasing and that continuity, a fluid way of playing, I have to be totally into the guitar which is not hard to do if you have a scotch 'n' coke around!"

When Purple started was there a certain naivety about the band? Like you didn't think about the mechanics? Is that 'innocence' something you miss?

"To quote a phrase, I think I'm thrown by the magnitude of the question. I think it would depend upon the mood I'm in as to how I would answer that."

Do you look upon this reunion as a big nostalgia trip?

"No, not at all, although I *do* like nostalgia. Most of my favourite records are old. Certain records tie in to when you were having a good time. But with Purple at the moment, the first thing that comes to mind, and it sounds so clichéd, is that we've mellowed slightly. Again I would say that we're just more tolerant of each other.

"In the old days I would always fly off the handle at maybe Jon Lord doing organ recitals at the expense of the crowd – that would get me crazy. I would always be the one who was 100 per cent rock'n'roll while he would be 50 per cent classical. Now I'm 50 per cent classical and he's 50 per cent classical, so . . ."

When you guys first got back together again did you have any preconceptions about how you were going to deal with the obvious outside pressures?

"Well, when we got back together we agreed that we couldn't start being commercial, that we had to carry on with the same type of Purple music, even though it might just fall on deaf ears. You can't start thinking of incredibly glossy productions, calling in people like 'Mutt' Lange and doing a Def Leppard of something – we knew we had to stick to our guns and go down with the ship if need be. Luckily, it's paid off."

ABOUT THE recent British tour, I heard varying reports that you'd planned to do a series of 'secret' gigs at a selection of small clubs; what happened?

"That's very true. That was all so ridiculous because we had all agreed to do some small clubs. My immediate thought was, 'Yeah, great, but we're not doing places like the Marquee – the 'in' small places which every band does'. I was more into the idea of doing small venues up North, which is our biggest market, our biggest fans are up North, let them see us in the small clubs, why should London see it all? We were thinking of places that would hold a maximum of 500 people, places like the Wake Arms, Epping – small'n'sweaty, about five dates altogether. Everything was OK, we all seemed agreed and then Ian (Gillan) announced that he couldn't make any of these dates because he had to be out of the country due to tax reasons."

Were you disappointed that you just did the Edinburgh Playhouse rather than anything else?

"Yes, I was very disappointed with Edinburgh because I was more keen to do places like Newcastle or even Glasgow, but then everybody said, 'What about Edinburgh?' And it was a 3,000-seater; it became like any of the other gigs. So instead of being a real small grotty club where everybody's sweating and we're using a small PA, it was the same set-up as Wembley."

Yeah, I thought that was a bit ludicrous myself.

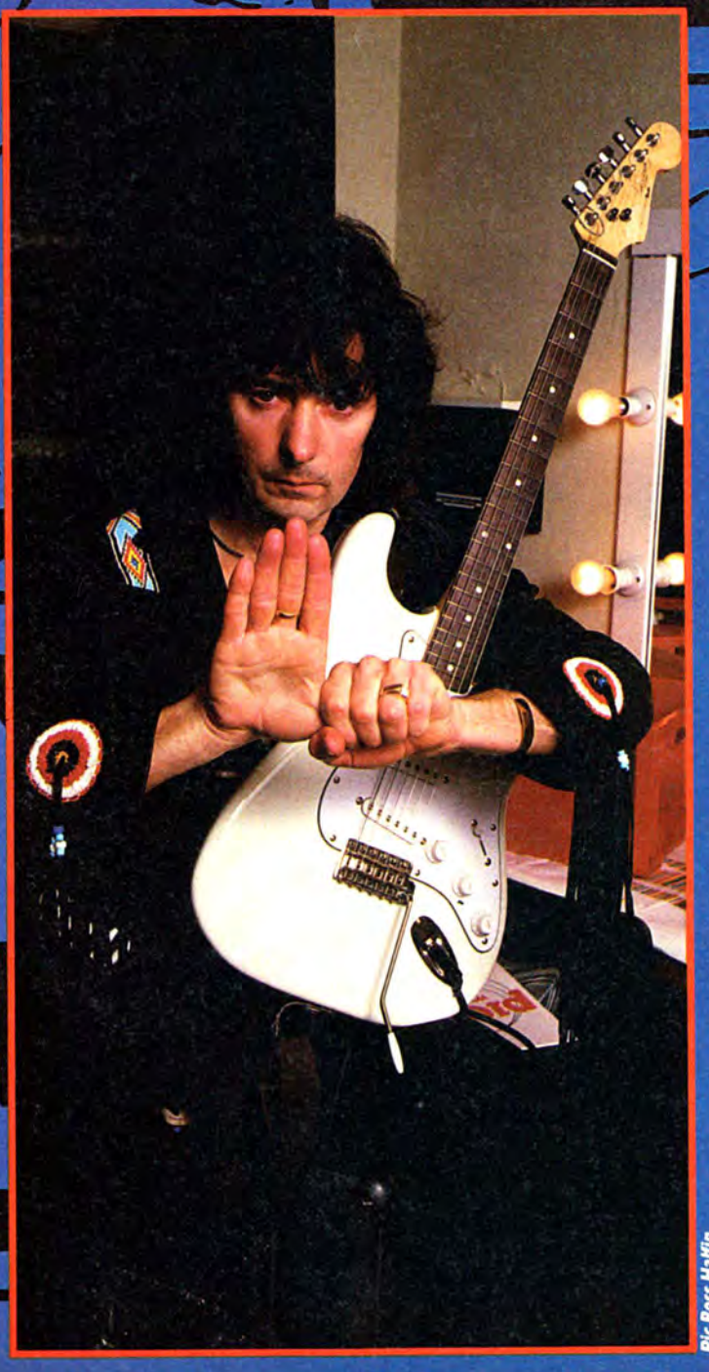
"I thought it was awful . . . I thoroughly disenjoyed myself."

You don't seem particularly involved with the political side of the biz, you seem to trust the people around you in that respect . . .

"Yes, a lot of it is managerial decisions; I'm just too bogged down with arrangements and getting the music on the road. I can't control everything and I think the rest of the band feels the same. Roger's to bogged down with production, I'm too involved with the arrangements and writing of songs, Gillan's busy with the lyrics, Ian Paice is very involved in being involved and so on . . ."

Do you think that it's essential for a musical combination of

RITCHIE BLACKMORE; "I've walked off at Wembley nearly every time I've played there. I think my ultimate ambition is to play an encore at Wembley . . ."



Pic Ross Halfin

KONTINUEZ OVER

DESTRUCTION

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

people who play together to be the best of friends?

"No, not at all. I think they just have to respect each other. Onstage, we all love each other. Maybe two hours before or after being on we might dislike each other, but onstage – *that's* what counts."

Have you heard Meat Loaf's song 'Rock'n'Roll Mercenaries'? He's been quoted as saying it was written about Deep Purple and how he feels you guys are cynical and money-orientated . . .

"I haven't heard the song and I don't know what his problem is. He seems to have started all this fuss in Germany when he played with us at some festival. He ran 20 minutes overtime and I think our roadcrew said, 'Look, this *has* to be the last number'. Anyway, he kept playing, though we weren't aware of this at the time. The head of our crew said, 'If you don't stop now we'll pull the plug on you because we have to get on with the show, you're not the only one on tonight'. He didn't like that at all and that's when he started attacking us. I read something where he said, 'Deep Purple go onstage, play their set and then go home'. I thought, 'That's interesting, what do other bands do? Play their set, come off and then start performing miracles, faith healing or something?' I couldn't understand what the hell he was going on about. Yes it's true, we play and then we go home!"

Basically, Purple are the last bastion of the mega HM bands and therefore very easy to criticise – 'dinosaurs', etc . . .

"Whenever we get criticised they always seem to mention our age. They always mention that I'm 41, that Jon's 45, etc. But if they talk about people like Phil Collins or Paul McCartney they don't mention a word about their age. They seem to be more obsessed with our age than we are. I can't understand what they're getting at – what the point is. It's so predictable and it's been said so many times before that you'd think they'd get on to something new."

Does it bother you?

"No, I know I look younger than I am and it doesn't seem to bother the crowd. I just wonder why they always pick on me and there's so many other things they could pick on. That we're bad musicians, that we're dull, no it's always the same thing: 'They should be disgusted, it's disgraceful that at their age they should be playing rock'n'roll – they should be home in bed or raising children'. It's bloody ridiculous!"

(At this point a fan who had been sitting with us in a state of reverential silence joined in the discussion at the request of our resident maninblack.)

FAN: Can I ask you a question about Yngwie Malmsteen? As you know, as a guitarist he's very influenced by you . . .

"I think that he's a brilliant player, he just needs to calm down and become a little bit more sophisticated. He tries to be a producer and songwriter, but he's essentially a guitar player.

"It gets on my nerves that he copies me so much. This man is very, very good, why would he want to copy me? I have no idea. He phoned up my soundman and said 'I want the same sound as Ritchie'. And my soundman said, 'Sorry, I won't do that'. Anyway, you *shouldn't* do that; you should go for your own sound."

TD (to Fan): Do you find Ritchie's performance onstage appealing or objectionable?

"I don't find it remotely objectionable, I find it appealing, but again it's a matter of personal taste . . ."

Do you find there's an indefinable tension on the stage?

"No, I just happen to think that Ritchie is a very exciting performer to watch."

TD (to Ritchie): What is it that happens to you when you come to London?

"I really don't know, I've tried to analyse it. After Wembley I overheard somebody say, 'Oh well, nothing's changed, Ritchie's walked off before the encore' . . ."

I REMEMBER in the old days all the top musos and media people would be sitting watching you from the front row . . .

"That *was* a strain. But going back to Wembley, I really thought I played well on the second night. I finished my solo and there was just this quiet response and I thought, 'Christ, if that's all they do after I've tried to reach the depths, play from the heart . . .'. It was as if they were saying, 'Well done old chap, next number. That's not good enough!' There's something about the London audience, I feel like slapping them around. Yet when Rainbow played at the Sobell Centre in Finsbury Park, it was great, the crowd went beserk. It was the best audience on the whole of the tour. It's got to be the venue (Wembley Arena); the regulars turn up, the high society is there, there's certain holes in the audience where they're not responding . . ."

A lot of people feel that because they've paid their money there has to be an encore . . .

"Yeah, the mandatory encore, I won't do it! I've got to feel that I want to do more. If I don't, that's my perogative. If I feel good and the audience feels good then I'll go for it. But I'm not going to go out there because I've got to and because it's expected. There's probably certain celebrities in the audience who may not think too much of us if we don't go out again and think that we've failed in our mission – all that nonsense. Anyway, as I've already said, I play for *myself* at the end of the day . . ."

Does the band's attitude change in certain situations, like when you're playing in London?

"Definitely! It seems to create such a strain each time we play there. I've never seen Jon clam up like that – he was a mess, both nights. I have a lot of different ways of playing, but most of the time I'm uptight in London so I only play to maybe a quarter of my full potential. It's only that occasional night when you can really open up."

What sort of audience do you think comes to see Purple nowadays?

"It's weird, 'cos I've seen a lot of young kids, families, all sorts. I don't know who I'm playing to. There was one gig in Germany where I don't think there was one person under 30 and that was really strange. But it *was* good to see people of that age out and away from their chidren, etc."

Is there anything else you would like to say?

"I think at the end of the day I am my own worst enemy. I want to create yet I also want to destroy. 'Smoke On The Water' was written in five minutes; I can destroy it or not want to play it, that's up to me. People can try and take that right away from me and try and turn me into a zombie but at the end of the day I'll only play to people I really believe want to hear me, and as long as that's happening I'll keep playing . . ."

RITCHIE BLACKMORE; "With Deep Purple I can't see it going on much longer. Maybe only another 25 years . . ."

Pic Ross Halfin

WE'RE (NOT) GETTING THERE

Germanic purveyors of 'punchy melodic power' RAILWAY have the talent and big league potential to share the same platform as fellow countrymen the mega-successful Scorpions. And yet, with three fine albums to their track record, they remain obscure and unheralded. JON HOTTEN grabs a ticket to ride and finds out why the band have failed to reach a 'Climax'

ROCK MUSIC is a strange addiction. Its symptoms are a little like love; long days and sleepless nights, a mind that can't think of anything else; its only known cure is to make albums that people buy and then to stand in front of those similar souls and perform: to rock out.

Sometimes then, that fire will smoulder on a back burner for a while, but the hungry fighter's craving soon returns. Ferociously.

And it cuts across all national borders. That's why Pete 'Fart Like A Beast' Cronin and myself are belting down a German Autobahn on the outskirts of Munich in plush Mercedes comfort, Railway vocalist Armin Schueler at the wheel, staring happily over his shoulder at me reclining in the back seat as we leave a few VW Beetles chewing on our exhaust. Cronin grins nervously and turns white. I just laugh. After all, *this* is *Kerrang!*

The Autobahn gives way to Munich's city streets. Immaculate, regimented pavements, Beir Kellers spilling onto wide Platz's, chain stores next to sex shops, and swimming with beautiful girls. I like it.

AND I like Railway. They're a band whose approach to music is as direct and simple as their name. Muscular Metal played with a commitment that comes from the fire in their bellies; it stomps like a stormtrooper's jackboot. And with the band's fortunes teetering dangerously on a knife edge, with no telling which hand lady luck will deal next, Railway's spirit in adversity borders on the . . . well, I was going to say 'wartime', but for God's sake don't mention the w*r!

After all, they've just released a scorcher of an album in 'Climax', their third and (at the moment) final LP on the Roadrunner label. If there's any justice, or more importantly airplay, it'll be shooting for the stars soon, packed as it is with the sort of punchy melodic power that splits eardrums and puts a soppy grin on your face.

So after a hectic afternoon chasing round Munich with Cronin's Instamatic and a Bavarian meal that even Groanin', who can eat one more potato than a pig, couldn't manage, we retire to the excellent hotel bar for long beers and longer conversation.

Which goes back to what I was saying about the hungry fighter. Railway should be feeling good

KONTINUEZ OVER

Pic Pete Cronin

RAILWAY: "We work very hard, but 85 per cent of the band's effort is frustrated by lack of money . . . "

WE'RE (NOT)

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

at this point in time, with 'Climax' just released, but they've currently got the cares of the world resting heavily on their broad Bavarian shoulders. Y'see, Roadrunner won't give them the Deutschmarks they need to tour, or to put the final touches to their albums, so they're off the label, and come the New Year are looking for a new deal.

But the desire still blazes in their eyes and voices when they talk about Railway. Their English may be a little dodgy, but ambition comes across the same in any language.

With a settled line-up for the last 18 months of Armin Scheuler (vocals), Florian Allgayer (guitar), Robert Haslinger (guitar), Robert's brother Hasi (drums) and Werner Thaller (bass), they feel the formula's right, as Robert explains . . . .

"This line-up is the best we've ever had. Armin is a more melodic vocalist than we've had before, and so our songs are better. We have so much fun and the feeling in the band is brilliant. 'Climax' is the best album we've ever recorded. We all played our parts, and everyone feels that they had a part of the music inside them. We are like a family, all making our contributions."

BUT FOR any band whose mother tongue is not English, problems can arise when it comes to lyrics.

"It's not so hard if you keep trying," says Armin, the man who has to come up with the goods. "You see, it is not our aim to make music for Germany. English is better because there are more people to reach and more to talk about. I have to work hard, and imagine what I want to say.

"That wasn't the hardest thing on this album, though. We had so little time in the studio that I had to record the vocals for four songs, backing tracks as well, in one day! We worked very hard for the sound that we got, but every time a record goes on the market we are dissatisfied with it, and the next one has to be better.

"Railway want to get a new sound, with guitars that sound different to everybody else. On 'Climax' we *did* get the power and the kick that we like. But if we had more time we could do even more."

Which brings us round to the rather touchy subject of the band's deal with Roadrunner. They maintain forcefully that they are no longer on the label. However their manager, who arrives later, seems non-committal. But if they are off the label, why have RR coughed up the dosh for me and Crone to jet out here? Always more questions . . .

"We had a five album contract," explains Robert. "We had so much trouble with the company – they gave us no money. All of our older records had very bad production because of it. When we recorded our first album (imaginatively titled 'Railway 1'), the company only gave us enough money for one week in the studio, and we had to pay for all of our own food!"

"In this band we have all put in a lot of our own money. If we want to get to a radio station or some place for an interview, we have to pay. This is the problem with our contract, so we are looking for a new deal.

"We want a big company now. We still have to work at other jobs, and this is very bad, because we need to give all of our time to the band to rehearse and write music. We need time together, and we need enough money to live on to devote all of our time to the band. So, all-in-all it's better that we have no contract with Roadrunner, we all agree on that. We work very hard, but 85 per cent of the band's effort is frustrated by lack of money. We've told RR's boss we don't want to be on the label.

"Now we will record a new demo and send it to all of the big companies. Every band has to go the same way, in Europe or in England. Playing the clubs and making demos to make people interested. In Germany, when we started, no-one was interested in Heavy Metal, and in the beginning nobody wanted us. It's just very sad for us that, after three albums, we find ourselves back in that position again. It's not fair, but it won't stop us!"

AND IT *is* a sorry state of affairs for a rapidly maturing outfit to find themselves in, but unfortunately an all-too-familiar one. But desire unquenched, just stoked up a little, the band are heading for some live dates soon.

"We have a few gigs in the next few months," explains Armin. "Austria, Germany, and we may play in Budapest again. This is where the band is best known at the moment. There are few places for us to play around Munich. It is very hard for a band to succeed only in Germany. All of the big bands, like the Scorpions, get to the top in England or America and then come back.

"I think that many critics and fans have never heard our records or seen us play, because they say, 'Oh, yeah, just another Heavy Metal record, we'll ignore it'. That's the problem in Germany. We would like to come to England to play the Marquee, but that is very expensive."

Railway *have* been attracting attention, however. Their support around Germany is growing, and they can currently fill 1,000-seat venues, a figure which puts them roughly on a par with counterparts Helloween.

"Our fans are really true to us once they have heard the band," says Armin. "We played a gig in front of 1,200 people at Theatrefabrik in Munich supporting Bonfire. We got out there and the audience was with us from the beginning, screaming and shouting. It was just a really great feeling, and it made us play very hard.

"We've toured with Motörhead in Germany, and also with Tokyo Blade. I like playing with these English bands because they can all drink very much!

"At the moment, I hate the image of Thrash Metal, all black and evil. We want Railway to be fun, like a big family. All of the people get together and we'll have a party. That's what we're all about."

K: Kompost! KK: Klueless! KKK: Kompetent! KKKK: Korrosive! KKKKK: Kolossal!

TOTAL TRIUMPH

WARLOCK'S DORO Pesch: has developed into a sensitive screamer

WARLOCK
'Triumph And Agony'
(Vertigo VERH 50)
KKKK

THIS IS the album Warlock *needed* to make. Much touted in recent years as a potentially major international act, Warlock have so far failed to live up to the reputation. In short, their albums have bordered on the embarrassing.

All that has now changed. With lead vocalist (and let's face it, the band's *major* attraction) Doro Pesch now taking virtual charge of the project, things have certainly stepped up a gear. 'Triumph And Agony' puts the group into the most favourable light and it sees the Germanic/American alliance stretching out, testing new areas and generally approaching the entire record with vast degrees of confidence and awareness.

Much of the praise can be laid at the door of the remarkable Pesch/Bolan/Balin axis. Doro sings her heart out at every opportunity, but has certainly developed from a screamer *per se* into a sensitive screamer. She has learnt to control those powerful lungs and thrust, parries and pulses with the sort of *epée* style that will make her a force to be reckoned with before the year is out. She has become a formidable presence on the rock circuit.

Unknown guitarist Tommy Bolan is a true 'find'. With an eclectic approach so redolent of Michael Schenker, Matthias Jabs and Angus Young, Bolan is someone with the capacity to roar through back-bending riffs when required (check out 'Three Minute Warning' and 'Touch Of Evil') yet also has the lightness of finger that can bring the most evocative atmosphere to a number like the balladic 'Make Time For Love' or the boldly adventurous 'Metal Tango'.

And so to producer Joey Balin, the man brought in to really shake up Warlock and take them several steps up the ladder. The New Yorker has long been respected by those in the know and he has brought his melodic acumen, production intelligence (never gilding the lily, yet providing a relevant fragrance to every number) and firm grasp of rock requirements to bear on the LP, giving it a vital and valuable boost. Joey had co-written every song on the record, mostly with Doro, and this has not only lent a greater tuneful element but also brought home a more mature, evocative lyrical stance. For instance: *'There's a tattooed symbol underneath my sleeve/An iron glove over a hand of steel/ You can't touch me, don't touch me'* ('I Rule The Ruins'). Or: *'Takes a lifetime of battle/To wipe down this slate/'But don't really matter/I'm a solider of fate'* ('Make Time For Love').

Overall, 'Triumph And Agony' is definitely the album to make Warlock a serious proposition. Some seem to be trying to run this down as no more than a copy of Accept. I say RUBBISH! Sure, there are distinct Accept influences, but these are no stronger than those of the Scorpions, Def Leppard, AC/DC or several other laudable peers. Warlock are now their own masters (and mistress) more than they've ever been. 'TAA' offers a diversity hitherto unknown for this act (from the thundering charge of 'Touch Of Evil' and 'Cold, Cold World' through the gently swaying 'Make Time For Love' – a genuine chart probable – and the hypnotic glance of 'Metal Tango', which is precisely what the title suggests, namely a tango-time anthem) and gives a real shot at the target. Now, if only Lee Aaron had made an LP like this . . .

MALCOLM DOME

KREATOR
'Terrible Certainty'
(Noise International N0086 import)
KKKKK

HERE IT IS Deathsters, the ultimate in DEATH/HATE/SPEED METAL!

And thanks must surely go to producer Roy 'Satan' Roland who really has brought the best out of Kreator – it really does sound as if the fab four are aktually Frashin' in your own living room – whoops there goes the light shade, I must stop slammin' off the Kupboard!

Now for newkomers to Kreator, this is, in fakt, the lads' third outing. First there was 'Endless Pain' (Noise 0025), which certainly lived up to it's name. But the lads' next outing, 'Pleasure To Kill', hit the nerve button right where it hurts. One song in partikular stood out like a sore thumb and that was the klassik 'Riot Of Violence' – chunky riffs, disgusting lyriks and a whole lot more!

And here we are in 1987 with 'Terrible Certainty', easily Kreator's most Kreative work to date. The arrival of axepert Jörg Tritze really has added a new and nasty edge to their repertoire, yet the man is quite kapable of playing prik-teasing wimpy intros as well, just listen to his tasty playing at the beginning of 'Behind The Mirror'. There are eight songs on offer and every one's a gem – so here we go . . .

Side One:

'Blind Faith' – typikal Kreator this, energetik drums komin' at yer like a pneumatik drill, Mille's gruff vocals, Tritze's teasing riffs and Rob's thudding bass all add up to the Kreator we know and love – DEATH!DEATH!HATE! HATE!DIE!DIE!NOIZE!NOIZE!

'Storming With Menace', sekond best kut on the album after 'Toxic Trace' (see later). This'un is much more aggressive than anything Kreator have done before. The riffs are totally unbelievable and the Metallica piss-take in the middle has to be heard to be believed.

'Terrible Certainty', Ventor make this song his own with his unique drum sound, his Sonor Skins sound as it they're bleeding, but the wound is quickly healed with one of Mille's chunkiest riffs to date.

'As The World Burns', skinpounder Ventor empties his tonsils here as his beloved Isle Of Wight burns into the sea!?!

Side Two:

'Toxic Trace' – *THE* kut of the album, SLEAZY FRASH at its best. Everything about this toon is perfekt – the arrangement, the lyriks and this weird riff that komes in half way thru' will just have you dropping your jaw in total disbelief. I can't wait to hear this one live!

'No Escape' – the gospel akkording to Mille would have us believe that 'No Escape' is a follow up to the brilliant and already mentioned 'Riot Of Violence' – nuff said.

'One Of Us', easily the fastest kut on the album. The speed of this toon is just too much for humanity to absorb – just see if you kan Mosh'n'Slam to this'un!

'Behind The Mirror', here's the kurrent single and it's klassy as well, easy to see why Kreator chose this kut for the single. Now will you exkuse me, coz I've got a kupboard to repair!

XAVIER RUSSELL

KERRANG!

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STRANGEWAYS
'Native Sons'
(RCA 6569/1/R US import)
KKKKK

PERFECTION? THE conclusion I've drawn is that it simply isn't conceivable to be perfect . . . even Journey's 'Escape' had its faults and 'Foreigner Four' had the odd knob in the wrong slot. Yup, no chance I thought that any band,least of all a British band, could possibly record the ultimate album.

Incredible though it seems, Strangeways have made that record. 'Native Sons' is without any reasonable doubt the greatest and most preciously perfect melodic AOR rock album of all time. Leaps ahead of Michael Bolton, light years in front of Journey and putting Foreigner to the very back of the class, Strangeways have cracked it on an immense scale. If I blindfolded you and said it was the new Journey album, you would die writhing in ecstasy. Get the picture?

So, who the heck are Strangeways? Scottish to a man except for super American vocalist Terry Brock, whose voice is heavenly, high class and hankering to be hailed as the greatest rock vox ever. Already I'm comparing his range and style to the best – people like Steve Perry, Frank Dimino, Rick Sanford and Robert Plant. He is masterful, always in control, unique and fully aware that emotional phrasing is the key to this kind of vocal annihilation.

The songs are phenomenal. There is not one tune that Journey wouldn't give Steve Perry away for. The first time I heard cuts like 'Dance', 'Never Gonna Lose It', 'Shake The Seven' and 'Goodnight LA', I literally froze with fear, pissed myself in excitement and fell to my knees in utter awe.

I would advise you to flog the very shirt off your back to purchase this record. Alternatively, if the need arises, you have my permission to sell your soul.

Do anything to obtain this album because it stands alone, a remarkable epitaph to what has been achieved, rather than what could be achieved. It's unlikely that there'll be a richer, more explorable album this year. Ignore it and I guarantee you'll never live with yourself again.

SPLASH OUT NOW.

DEREK OLIVER

MICHAEL BOLTON,
'The Hunger'
(Columbia 40473 Import)
K or KKKKK

THIS IS a tricky one. Michael Bolton, the nearest equivalent to God and a man for whom I have the greatest respect, has put me on the spot. I mean, just how do you give a 5K rave *Kerrang!* review to an album that has more in common with James Ingram ('well known' Oliverian rave) than, say, the hard attack of Foreigner?

Previously a member of American rockers Blackjack during the late Seventies, Bolton went solo in 1983 and released a quite stunning self-titled debut album that shocked his followers into utter submission. Two years later the man did the double and hit us for six with 'Everybody's Crazy', an LP that pretty well defined what melodic rock is all about.

This time around Bolton has decided to up his AOR roots and move a shade closer to r 'n' b. A move that had me flapping around like a one-winged pigeon tempered only by the quality of the songs and the hugeness of Bolton's gob. Yet despite the abrupt shift in style, Bolton's voice remains terrifically titanic and utterly compelling.

Nine tracks in all, only three of which seem to hit the 'Everybody's Crazy' anthemic groove, while one track in particular ('Take A Look At My Face') is an almost direct copy of the classic ballad 'Call My Name'. 'Hot Love', 'Gina' and 'The Hunger' are the rockers but the majority of cuts fit neatly into a West Coast soul groove exemplified best by the substantial epic 'You're All That I Need'. Talking of smooching, check out 'That's What Love Is All About' a ballad that in the hands of James Ingram would surely be a hit single.

Musically I can't fault this record. Sure it's not wholly in the rocking Bolton style that we know and love but somehow that just doesn't seem to matter because it's done so well and any fan of his will I'm sure be sympathetic to such a radical shift in direction.

Only one real bone of contention. Why has Bolton included a cover version, as good as it is, of Otis Redding's 'Dock Of The Bay' when his own songs are infinitely better?

DEREK OLIVER

ERIC CLAPTON
'The Cream Of Eric Clapton'
(Polydor ECTV1)
KKKKK

'LAYLA' YES it's Eric finest works, kicking off with a song that is still amazingly poignant and moving after all these years. Those howling, singing guitars and the tear-stained piano interlude remain one of rock music's finest moments. If you haven't already got a vast collection of Clapton albums, this is a handy package of Claptonia spanning his years with Cream, the come-back era of the mid-Seventies and his more recent hit albums. Throughout it all is Clapton the singer, guitarist and catalyst, who first showed that white boys could play the blues, with conviction and feeling. The tracks aren't in strict historical order. F'rinstance, the Sixties Creamcuts, 'Badge', 'I Feel Free', 'Sunshine Of Your Love', 'Strange Brew' and 'White Room' come after 'Layla' which came out in late 1970. There are sleeve notes by Ray Coleman, who wrote the official Clapton biography and a selection of pix showing EC in all his many moods and guises. Most up to date track is 'I've Got A Rock 'n' Roll Heart'. Indispensable.

CHRIS WELCH

VARIOUS ARTISTS
'The Metal Collection Volume III'
(Ebony EBON S102)
K½

UH OH! The dreaded 'new band compilation album' strikes! 16 bands, 16 tracks, varying from the downright dross to the maybe-promising (but heavy on the maybe).

Perhaps the most striking thing about this album is the crop of exceptionally bad vocalists which it houses. Almost without fail, the vox-person can be heard creaking and groaning under the strain. Most embarrassing.

So, let's pick out the 'maybes' first: there's Cry with the catchy 'Party After Dark' (altho' I'm not sure about the overtly Americanised vocal); Mobius Strip; and, er, well, that's about it for the maybes.

Mediocrity holds court to Passiontide's predictability, Frozen Eyes' experimentalism, and Kamikazi, who sound like they have a female singer, but with an abysmal 'all expenses spared' sleeve, there's no info on any of the bands, so who knows?

The rest of these bands I wouldn't recommend to my worst enemy, let alone you folks out there. Let's just say that this compilation does nobody any favours; not the record company, not the fans, and *certainly* not the bands.

ALISON JOY

FAITH NO MORE
'Introduce Yourself'
(London Records SLAP 21)
KKKKK

NOW THIS, kids, is originality reborn. How long have you waited to hear something that didn't sound like the other album you got that week. How much bulls**t have you read from other new bands who claim to be 'original'? And just how Goddamn bored have you got waiting for it kid? The wait is over.

This is like nothing you've heard before. This has no peer. This is totally itself without a smattering of anyone. Faith No More have taken a sledgehammer to the word 'category' and pulverised the bastard. This is it.

'Introduce Yourself' is built on a solid foundation of African beats and funky bass lines and boasts some of the finest melodies commited to vinyl from a new US band. And if you want guitar . . . you've f**king well got it right here. The axe doesn't simply wail, it roars, it soothes, it kills, it revives but it always delivers power. Power through ability, not speed, not countless effects but just through God given talent.

The haunting 'Chinese Arithmetic', with it's wafting almost melancholic intro stands as one of the finest cuts, but if you wanna play tennis racquet, whip the stylus to 'Spirit' and enjoy the sonic butchery of a tremendously brutal riff that could be used to kill your enemies.

You want a single? How many! The soothing 'Anne's Song' with that wicked guitar undercurrent, and try the infectious hook of 'We Care A Lot', with wandering keyboards, choral cries and the superb beat of an African style drum.

How many different ways can I impress the brilliance of this album upon you? And just how long will it be before you finally wake up from your Metalised tunnel vision and realise that in Faith No More there lies power, passion, glory and brilliance beyond belief. STEFFAN CHIRAZI

BILE 'N' VENOM

VICTORY: tremulous flutters a' ticklin' down the spine

VICTORY
'Hungry Hearts'
(Metal Masters METALP 120)
KKKK

'HUNGRY HEARTS' is the third album to appear under the Victory banner, the previous two offerings having made nary a dent on the minds of the Metal millions around the globe. However, I predict that it'll be third time lucky for this talented German/American alliance, 'cause they've put together some of the finest blues-based hard rock tunes I've heard since Tesla first unleashed 'Mechanical Resonance' on an unsuspecting world.

By far the most impressive member of Victory's illustrious line-up is vocalist Charlie Huhn, one-time frontman for Ted Nugent and Gray Moore (among others) and a genuine veteran of the Metal scene. I've always enjoyed his vocal technique, particularly on the Nuge's 'Scream Dream', but here we find him sounding better than ever before. On the frantically paced 'The Bigger They Are . . .' he comes over a demon-driven cross between Bon Scott and Steve Perry, spitting out the ironically defiant lyrics with bucketfuls of bile and venom.

On the big ballad 'Never Leave You Again,' Huhn positively oozes sensitivity, sending those familiar tremulous flutters a' ticklin' down the spine. An inspired performance, indicating that he works to greatest effect within a democratic group context, as opposed to being the vocal puppet for yet another mad axeman.

Twin guitar partners Herman Frank (ex-Accept and Sinner) and Tommy Newton (Helloween producer) rarely indulge in lengthy or flamboyant soloing. Instead, they conjure up a tumultuous tornado of swaggering, boogie-blown riffs, so dirty they're almost FUNKY! It's damn near impossible to single out noteworthy tracks, but I particularly love the sassy 'n' snappy good-time verve of 'High $ Honey', and I'm also deeply enamoured with the lil' devil backing box on 'Tough On Love'. Elsewhere on Side Two we find the title track, vaguely reminiscent of prime-time Accept, with its epic military theme and time-honoured teutonic grunting in the background. Finally, a brief mention for 'Feel The Fire' which boasts some wonderfully fluid soloing easily worthy of any of the guitar masters with whom Charlie served his apprenticeship.

Devastating stuff. Grab a copy today and give your ears a treat.

MAURA SUTTON

MR MISTER
'Go On . . .'
(RCA PL86276)
KKK

URGENT
'Thinking Out Loud'
(Manhattan MLT 46680)
KKK3/4

THE FIRST thing that strikes you about Mr Mister's latest thingy is the disappointingly weak production. 'Stand And Deliver' literally had me checking my multi-million pound speakers to see if one of them had packed up, such is the piss-poor opening.

From there, however, 'Go On . . .' improves with the gospel-edged spirit of 'Healing Waters', the hit-potential of 'Watching The World' and the irresistibly seductive 'Power Over Me' into an album that devotees of the MM cause will no doubt wallow in unashamedly.

Sensitive and finely crafted Mr Mister's wares may be, but where's the fun and excitement in a castrated rock band?

No such genital problems for New York band Urgent, who have clawed their way to just within the boundaries of melodic hard rock with help from ex-Roxx guitarist Yul Vaz and former Vendetta bassist Klyph Black.

Urgent play good quality pop/rock with the emphasis on the 'rock'. 'Shot In The Dark', 'I Can't Take It No More' and 'Always Be There' stand out as catchy radio-aimed rockers, and even when the band slink into softer material they manage to create a lasting impression.

Interestingly, 'Thinking Out Loud' was produced by Tom Allom, and listening to these two records back-to-back you can't help thinking how much better Mr Mister would sound if they worked with a top *rock* producer next time around.

MARK PUTTERFORD

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SAY IT LOUD

ALICE COOPER: pioneer of the mascara genre

ALICE COOPER
'Raise Your Fist And Yell'
(MCA MCF 3392)
KKKK

'WE THE people of the United States . . . stop pretending that you've never been bad. You are the rulers with the iron hand!'

Alice launches hot foot into a powerful assault that attempts to prick the nation's conscience. He demands 'freedom to rock and freedom to talk.' But Americans have done nothing but talk and rock for years on end. They invented the chat show, Elvis Presley and the *Washington Post* after all. But doubtless Alice sees deep dangers in the current anti-rock stance being taken by some concerned US citizens. Nothing to get up about, as John Lennon might say. Rock, and indeed all art, thrives on oppression. More freedom usually means less quality, but that's one of life's ironies.

Dealing more directly with the music, one finds this is a powerful piece of work that Alice rightly considers to be his best in years. Certainly the guitar work by Kane Roberts is packed with string grinding power, and Alice summons every ounce of bile and ire as he soap boxes about 'Give The Radio Back' and threatens '*You're in my way*' on 'Step On You'. '*Hello my little pretty, don't we look yeuk!*' he slobbers on 'Not That Kind Of Love'.

Clever stereo panning on the vocals adds to the pervading sense of menace, but it's difficult to sustain the mood when you know that Alice, like Lizzy Borden, is really a nice guy deep down.

The clenching of teeth and fists continues unabated into 'Prince Of Darkness', which reminds us that Alice really pioneered this whole genre of mascara and doom. There's even some tasteful acoustic guitar and in-tune normal style singing. Then it's onwards through 'Time To Kill' and 'Chop Chop Chop', a comic tale of murder. '*I'm a killing machine, I keep the city so clean,*' he growls wittily.

Fiendishly clever stuff, and probably a medium sized hit.

CHRIS WELCH

ACCEPT
'Hungry Years' (Digital Remix)
(Metal Masters Metalp 119)
KKKK

WELL THE first thing I kan say about 'Hungry Years' is that it's VERY Accept-like, and why not! But why oh why did they decide to kall it 'Hungry Years', surely 'Metronome Years' woulda been a far more appropriate title coz there ain't one kut from their more recent 'Portrait Years'. Still, beggars kan't be choosers, and if you missed out on the 'Pre-Portrait' days, then 'Hungry Years' is an essential purchase mainly bekause the folk at Metronome have done such a grand job on the 'Digital Remix'.

This woulda been a 'Five-K' album review if only the folk at Metronome had used their 'Unkle Neds' (heads) and inkluded 'Take Him In My Heart', from that klassik '79 debut 'Accept', worth purchasing for the kover alone – a gal wielding a chainsaw! – *très* tasty! Yeah, there ain't one kut from that album on 'Hungry Years', and I personally woulda elbowed the extremely wimpy 'The King' to make way for the aforementioned 'Take Him In My Heart'. Otherwise, the choices are spot on: we've got 'Fast As A Shark', 'Restless And Wild' and 'Princess Of The Dawn', from what many konsider to be Accept's best opus – the utterly brilliant '82 release; 'Restless & Wild', I still get me squash rakket out when I play this wee gem!

Elsewhere, there's 'Breaker', 'Burning', 'Son Of A Bitch' and 'Midnight Highway' from the '81 outing and 'Breaker', and that leaves 'I'm A Rebel' and 'The King' from the 1980 release 'Accept' (yeah konfusing innit!), when Udo Dirkschneider still had long hair!

Yeah a goodun this, and if you like the Skorps, then you'll love Accept!

XAVIER RUSSELL

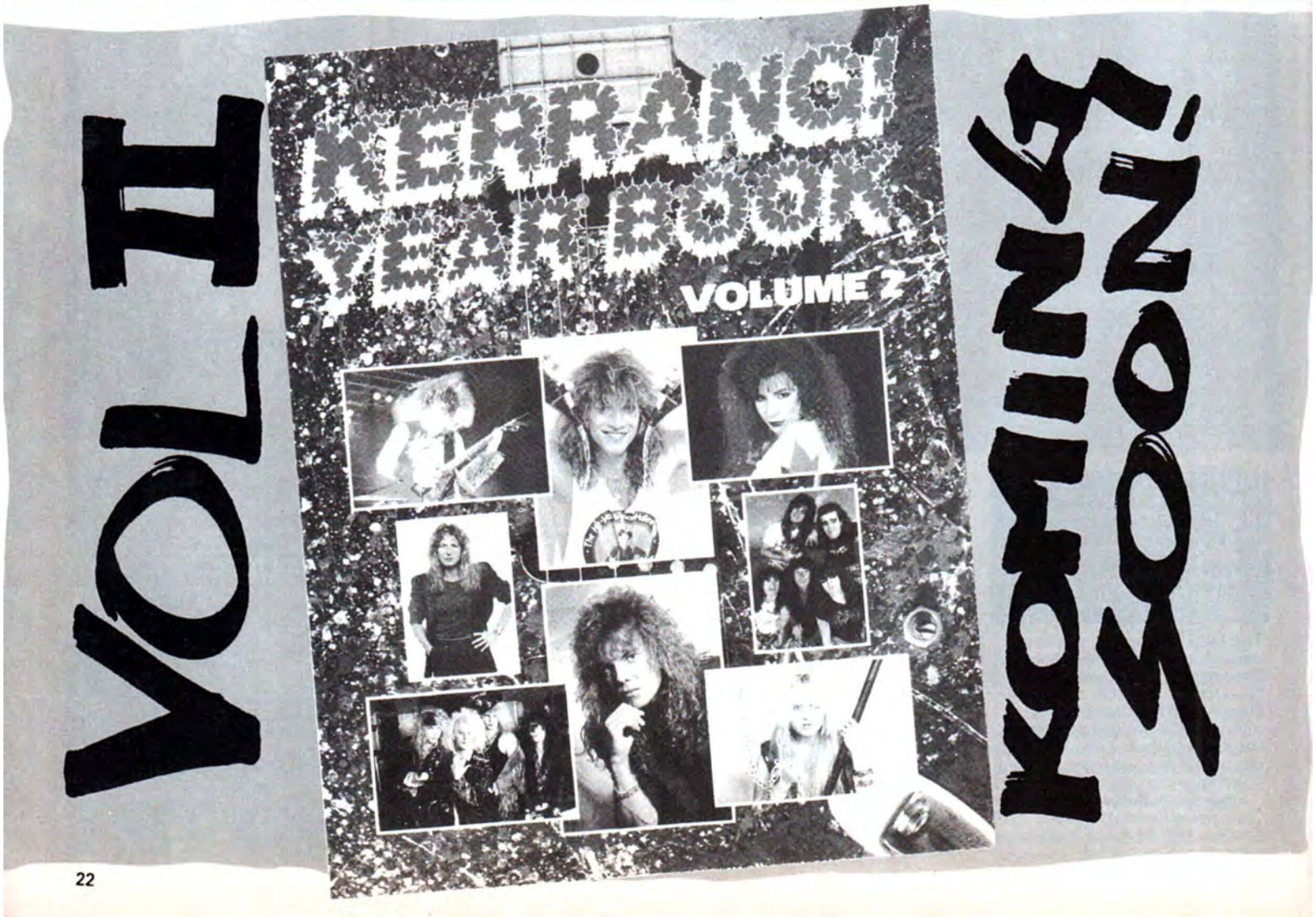
THE RUNAWAYS
'Young And Fast'
(Allegiance Records St-72866)
K

"THIS ALBUM is dedicated to all the young, tormented and imprisoned people of the world." – Quote from sleeve notes.

Frankly, if I was young and imprisoned and forced to listen to this miserable slab of useless plastic I'd probably commit suicide. And these, they tell me, are the Runaways!

I hate reformations, period. Yeah, that's right, the type of comeback that spells rip off in large neon letters, and funnily enough this is the biggest piss-take I've ever had the mispleasure of sampling.

The album, conceived and



brought to life by Kim Fowley, the man who formed and managed the original Runaways, features no ex-members of the band whatsoever. He hasn't even been bothered to put together a new bunch of tantalizing tarts and has relied entirely on a list of twenty or so mainly male musicians (including ex-Axe guitarist Bobby Barth of all people!) to provide the horrible rumpus squashed into the grooves. Talk about being a great rock 'n' roll swindle, this is more akin to mugging an old age pensioner with one leg in plaster!

And the music? Horrible, turgid and downright murderous, with about as much sparkle as a ten year old bottle of distilled water. There are moments of this record where the guitars and drums are so out of synch that it begins to sound like a crazy cross between *avante garde* jazz and roots reggae!

There is no way this record will ever find its way on to my turntable again, and in future I shall be treating the hallowed Mr. Kim Fowley with a great deal of justified suspicion. If you purchase this record by mistake, I suggest you shoot yourself.

DEREK OLIVER

BIG BLACK
'Songs About Fking'**
(Blast First BFFP 19)
K

IF IN doubt, throw in a few asterisks. Yeah, 'Songs About F**king' – what a gas!

A lime green cover, I think. And a drawing of a gal who's obviously thinking of England, with 'SONGS ABOUT F**KING' spashed across the top in a sickly shade of magenta. What do you think? I mean, before you can say 'Never Mind The B******s' it'll be the most talked about album around town. Brilliant!

. . . What? The songs? The delivery? The – gulp! – production? Look, don't worry about minor details my boy, it's the '. . . F**king' bit they're all interested in, right? I mean, people are bound to want to check out an album called 'Songs About F**king' aren't they? And so what if it's the biggest pile of s**t since Dumbo finished off a double vindaloo? We'll have their fivers neatly stashed away by then.

"Er, excuse me Big Black . . . f**k off, please."

MARK PUTTERFORD

VARIOUS
'L'Amour Rocks'
(Mercenary MER 2101 import)
KK

OVERLORDE
'Overlorde'
(Strike Zone Records SZR 101 import)
KK

HAVING SPENT the odd evening in the respectable Brooklyn club they call L'Amour, I can confirm that, yes, it certainly does, as 'Krusher' would say, ROCK.

Sadly this LP doesn't. Not to any ceiling-scraping standard anyway; only a couple of the eight bands chosen to represent the proudly Metallic establishment stand out, and one of them, Attacker, still manages to lean towards mediocrity in places.

In fact, The Boys are the only band on this dismal comp that I'd really like to see live. Even all-gal act Mean Streak sound pretty rough, and it must be said that the melodic-yet-raunchy offering from The Boys is streets, nay, *freeways* ahead of anything Wrathchild (US version), Halloween (*not* Helloween), Jett Blakk and all the others seem capable of coming up with.

To be honest, Overlorde wouldn't sound out of place on this record either. There is a grandiose design of Metal judging from this debut five-track mini LP, but they fall well short of their Maiden aspirations in reality. Like many of the bands on the 'L'Amour . . .' album, Overlorde sound as though they *can* play, but appear unable to use sufficient imagination and inventiveness to produce something unique and outstanding.

I'm afraid most of these bands are merely insignificant urinations in the ocean of underground Metal. And with the possible exception of The Boys, are all liable to remain so.

MARK PUTTERFORD

THE NICE
'20th Anniversary'
(Seal SLP2)
KKKK

AH THE fresh-faced optimism of it all! I have to declare an interest here. The Nice were one of my favourite bands of the mid-Sixties, and I wondered how it would be, listening to such classics as 'America' 'The Thoughts Of Emerlist Davjak' and 'Flower King Of Flies' again. Of course the memories came back, of studio sessions where the band could hardly contain their excitement at the freshness and novelty of the music.

You can still hear and feel that, despite the passage of time, and changes of styles and perspective. No rhythm section today would play in the creative and sympathetic way that drummer Brian Davidson and bassist/singer Lee Jackson supported Keith Emerson's gloriously eclectic keyboards.

David O'List, their guitarist, was instrumental in leading the Nice from being a backup group for PP Arnold into devising classical-rock arrangements, many of them based on the pieces he had studied while at the Royal College of Music.

It was partly to redress the balance about his contribution to the group, and to ensure they all got some royalties, that Davey put this 20th anniversary package together. This was the great age of exploration, when musicians wanted to fuse jazz, the classics and even Bob Dylan and put it all into a melting pot. There are some great moments to savour – the battery of sounds and effects Keith kicked out of his trusty L100 Hammond organ on his roaring version of 'America', Lee's raucous vocals on 'Bonnie K', Davey's bluesy guitar and vocal performance on 'Davjak' and 'Blinky' Davidson's thunderous drum break, beating out the final bars of 'America'.

New listeners will be surprised to find out how diverse and adventurous rock music used to be.

CHRIS WELCH

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RICK ALLEN (pictured here, second left, with Def Leppard): was issue 155's 'Pandora Peroxide' cartoon in bad taste?

NO ARM IN IT (1)

BEING a devoted fan of Def Leppard, I feel I must write and express my shock at seeing the 'Pandora Peroxide' cartoon strip that appeared in *Kerrang!* issue 155. This featured Rick Allen, concentrating on his well-known misfortune, and was completely sick!

I think Rick Allen if anything should be strongly congratulated for overcoming his problem and having the determination to continue drumming with the best band in the world. I'm sure many other Leppard fans agree with me.

I don't care what anyone says I'm proud of Rick and the rest of the band for what they've achieved since the accident. Keep on rocking'! **Paul Clarke, Belfast.**

NO ARM IN IT (2)

I'M WRITING in disgust at your 'Pandora Peroxide' cartoon in issue 155. Now, as a rule I don't usually bother with such crap as 'PP', but I was bored one day so I read it. I didn't find it in the least bit amusing; in fact I thought it was very distasteful. I'm sure Rick Allen himself would have been offended by it.

My boyfriend is a drummer and from his own experience knows what skill is needed to play, especially with the handicap of having only one arm. Personally I think Rick's got a lot of guts to carry on playing after the accident and I'm sure you lot at *Kerrang!* can't play half as well as him even with two arms *(Chris Welch and Dave Oberlé weren't at all bad – before they were pensioned off! – Ed),* so I suggest that you cut out this sort of smutty behaviour, making fun at other people's misfortunes, and start filling you mag with something decent. Howzabout a centrefold pullout of Mötley Crüe? **Amanda, a pissed-off *Kerrang!* reader.**

NO NEWS!

I'M WRITING to complain bitterly about that waste of paper and time which is Bad News. Why on earth do *Kerrang!* persist in aiding this bunch of pisstaking arseholes who, I'm sure, are only in it for the money?!

I can't really see them worrying about the fans (have they got any?) and I feel that putting Bad News on the bill at the recent Reading Festival was an awful mistake. Putting them on last year at Donington was f**king disgraceful!

This band are just a complete waste of time and are rubbing the name of HM into the dirt. So, my advice to everybody is: don't buy their album and don't go to see 'em on tour. This is the only way we can save Metal music from getting stuck with other joke bands who just want to make money at our expense.

There are other bands who could do with national publicity through your great magazine, bands that believe in HM and care about their fans and aren't just doing it for the money. *Kerrang!* has let the side down by giving Bad News a front cover feature (issue 156). **Richard Simons, Woodford Green.**

PHILTHY BEHAVIOUR

I FEEL that comment must be passed on the recent Motörhead gig in Cardiff when I was disgusted by the behaviour of local boy Phil Campbell.

Throughout the show he would walk to the front of the stage and kick innocent fans and at the end of the show he let fly at a number of stage divers, which put a bitter twist to what had up until then been a great show. The guitarist should stop walking around passing himself off as a Welshman, it's giving us a bad name.

Oh by the way, Sword were f**kin' amazing! **Capi of the RVHL, Tonypandy.**

FLY AWAY

THIS LETTER concerns Peter Mensch and his new label Squawk Records, which I gather is named after an album put out by the brilliant Budgie in the early Seventies. My point is that Mr. Mensch should really give Budgie themselves a chance, even if it's only as a support act with one of his fine groups such as Tesla or Metallica.

I have all the band's LPs and saw them live recently and they were brilliant, even after a three-year layoff. They have come so close in the past to being a major force, only lacking that final push up the ladder. If someone like Mr. Mensch would only get behind them at least they would stand a better chance this time around. **A. Wheeler, Edmonton, London.**

NO FOLK IN NORFOLK

I LIVE in Norfolk and the closest place for concerts involving well-known groups is the Hammersmith Odeon in London. Lately we've only had Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction and Motörhead playing at the University of East Anglia in Norwich, which you could call a local gig. So can you make this distress call heard as I'm sure I speak for everyone else in Norfolk who's into Metal/Thrash/hard rock when I say: PLEASE GET US SOME F**KIN' CONCERTS OVER HERE! **A distressed Frash freak, somewhere in the wastes of Norfolk.**

LOUD 'N' PROUD

I WAS dismayed at Xavier Russell's recent review of the Loudness album 'Hurricane Eyes' (issue 154). In fact I totally disagree with his whole review.

Firstly, to give the LP just one 'K' merely states that it exists. I feel that it deserved at least three 'K's, based on the music, concept and production.

Secondly, I object strongly to Russell using phrases like 'this abysmal garbage' and 'played without guts or feeling'. I personally think that the songs 'SDI' and 'Strike The Sword' make use of the term 'guts' an understatement if anything! And the number 'So Lonely' is a beautiful ballad that rings emotion in one's mind.

Finally, I don't understand how Xavier can diminish the progress made from the previous Loudness album 'Thunder In The East' through to 'Hurricane Eyes'. In this day and age when bands have a style that goes from Heavy Metal to Top 40, it's good to see a group go from HM to semi-Thrash. Forget your Vow Wow albums, Xavier, cos I salute these rising sun boys. **James B. Korwek, Delaware, USA.**

LESS FOR MOORE

JUST HOW many versions of one song can a man release . . . and how many times can he do it?

The second 'Great Rock 'N' Roll Swindle' (or 'Rip My Fans Off') involves axe hero Gary Moore. How many people bought his mega-unsuccessful 'Spanish Guitar' single some while ago? For the many who didn't, the B-side was an instrumental version of the A-side (sounds familiar, doesn't it?).

Next came a similar exercise with 'Falling In Love With You'. These were just 'The Shapes Of Things To Come' . . .

'Empty Rooms' took Gary to new 'heights' and my bank balance to new depths. By my counting there are at least six versions of this number on plastic (three on successive albums!) and one on each of his two videos. Talk about milking the profits off a good product!

Now we have his latest and greatest (?) album 'Wild Frontier' – not forgetting the limited edition double 'pay more for the same' album version.

So far, there are four singles with the 'ultimate' value for money being the 'Wild Frontier' 12" single, which has three versions of one song on one piece of vinyl.

Come on Gary, you can give us more than this. Do your fans count for anything or do you just want as much money as you can get for doing as little as possible?! Six-date UK tours every year are pretty impressive as well!

At least if he joined Whitesnake we'd only get a remixed version of the same song every three or four years! **A skint Gary Moore fan, Leeds.**

TONY CLARKIN TAKE NOTE

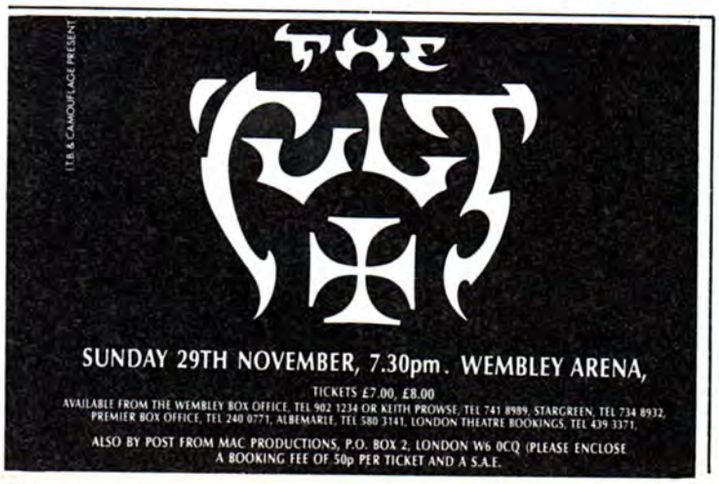
MUSING THROUGH the vast wastes of a friend's vinyl collection the other day, it became more and more clear to me how some of our beloved Soft/Heavy artists (Triumph, Y&T, Gary Moore, Whitesnake, Pallas, etc) get ideas for song titles. A permutation of certain nouns and verb participles are guaranteed to evoke a wistful, melancholy, mystical mood.

With this thought in mind, I decided to compile what I consider to be the premier pomp rock LP of all time. No need to hear the music, just read the song titles!

Side One:
'Living In The Shadows'
'Running In The Darkness'
'Warriors In The Shadows'
'Listen To The Wind'
'Alone In The Darkness'

Side Two:
'Living In The Darkness'
'Running In The Shadows'
'Crying In The Darkness'
'Forever The Night'
'Listen To The Night'
'Forever The Night (Reprise)'
(Extra track on CD: 'Standing In The Darkness').

The album title would be, of course, 'Running In The Darkness Of The Shadows Of The Night'. Wot a record, eh! **Shamefully Anonymous, Widnes, Cheshire**



SINGLEZ

REVIEWED BY CHRIS WELCH

JON BUTCHER: 'Goodbye Saving Grace' (Capitol)
Highly musical performance by the talented Master Butcher who hacks his way through the gory entrails of his guitar . . . well that's a slight exaggeration. In fact, he caresses the strings with tender loving care, and a busy rhythm section behind him that brings to mind Rush and The Police.

ONSLAUGHT: 'Let There Be Rock' (Under One Flag)
'Let there be drums – and there was drums'. Shouldn't that be and there WERE drums? But who cares about such trifles, when the boys from Bristol are rocking out on the old AC/DC classic. The entire office is shaking to the frantic grinding lead guitars of Nige Rockett and Rob Trotman as this 12 inch preview of their forthcoming album 'Blood Upon The Ice' is blasted continuously around *Kerrang!* HQ. And lo, there WAS rock . . . and it was GOOD.

THE GRIP: 'When The Rain Comes Down' (Grip Records)
Gripping performance by Willie and the boys, which sparkles with bright optimism. Willie is their eloquent spokesman and bass person, and good luck to their efforts to promote this cut from the EP 'England Your Dead.'

SOHO ROSES: 'Just A Girl' (Trash Can Records)
The mysterious, elusive Roses (their record company is unlisted by British Telecom and their Dingwalls gigs are put on especially late to avoid reviewers) show a good deal of promise with this glammy rocker. Paul Blittz is the blond lead vocalist, while Andy DeGray drives the guitars on a completely PINK record. It's fast, trashy and fun. I suspect they may become major stars of our time, despite a savage thumbs down from some of our more acerbic Thrash fiends.

JON BUTCHER: gory entrails? Surely not!

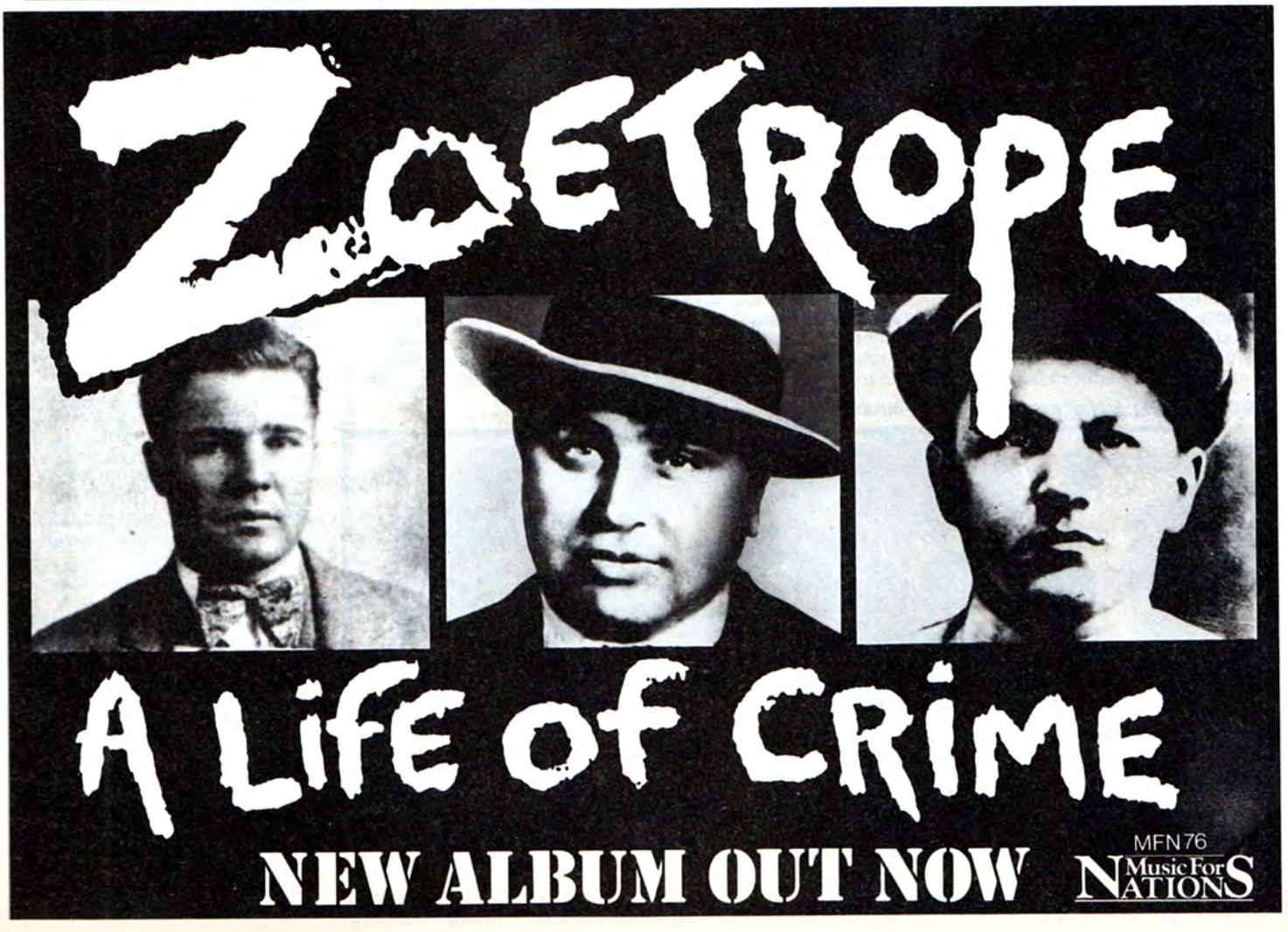
BLOOD UNCLES: 'Let's Go Crazy' (Virgin)
The Prince song given a comic treatment by three gents wearing wigs and false noses. Just why they should do this, we cannot say. Why are the galaxies receding at the speed of light? What caused The Big Bang? We have no way of telling.

THE ALARM: 'Rain In The Summertime' (IRS)
Somewhat dreary performance. Did I say dreary? I meant of course, passionately romantic and filled with tender emotions. Alarm fans from Bangkok to Ealing will flock in their dozens to consider possible purchase of this perfectly spherical disc.

GAYE BYKERS ON ACID: Get Down' (Virgin)
The wonderfully named Bykers get up to all kinds of amusing technical tricks, with burbling underwater vocals. It sounds like a black comedy or parody of the disco syndrome. Highly effective, whatever their intentions. Much better than some dreadful stuff I heard recently by Straight Cyclists On Cocoa.

BRYAN ADAMS: 'Victim Of Love' (A&M)
'I'm really glad they put this out as a single – best song on the album' says Adams freak and rhythm expert Paul 'Beer Splasher' Henderson, the man who drenched Mick Wall twice in one afternoon. It reminds me of a hit from way back in the Seventies by somebody like David Essex. I can't see this as a major hit.

FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM: 'Blue Water' (Situation Two)
Spaghetti Metal that clanks along with a strange rumbling beat, inducing images of marauding gunmen galloping across the Western Plains. Actually they are all from Stevenage and rumour has it they roll in bags of flour to get that dusty horseman look.



GLAM DIVING

Is Britain forever fated to lose out to America in the lipstick league? Fed up with Yank sleazesters such as Mötley Crüe and Poison poutin' 'n' pollutin' the pages of *Kerrang!*? Ray Zell packs his make-up bag and boldly goes in search of (. . . wait for it . . .) the New Wave of British Glam!

*"WHAT DO I care if some asshole wants to walk around with f**kin' women's clothes hanging off his body and more make-up than my f**kin' mother!"–*
Scott 'Not' Ian, Anthrax (*Kerrang!* #142)

SCUSEZ-MOI while I blot my lipstick . . . ahh! Now, where were we? Oh yes, 'Mr. Ian' . . . why, all this bitchin' don't become the man does it? Yet an eyeball through Howard Johnson's Anthrax feecher back in ish 142 clearly displays Scott's got a bee in his bonnet, or at least a hornet in his baseball cap, about the . . . er . . . shall we say 'showier' side of rock. Seems our man believes any band who 'dress-up' is "not (sic?) being themselves" and that "it's false".

Well peachy-keen, that's his opinion. Personally, when I bop along to a gig I don't wanna see someone on stage who looks like the bloke next door doin' the gardenin'! For my fistful of shiny pound coins I wanna see a mega-f**kin-superstar!! 'Course, it doesn't have to be David Lee Roth every time . . . but a bit of effort in the presentation department is highly appreciated.

Alright? Alright. Glam, trash, glitter, "Did you see the suits and the platform boots," mid-'70's, yap! yap! blah! blah! etcetera, et-bleedin'-cetera, Phew! Warp factor five to 1983 – ZAP!

Here we are, droogs 'n' droogesses, the new wave of (and for the desperate want of a better term . . .) British Glam. And a right motley . . . em . . . assörtmënt we had too. Spread lavishly across the *Sounds* 'Lipstick Killers' and *Melody Maker* 'Ballroom Blitz' features, we came face to face wth the tawdry likes of Wrathchild, Rising Sun, Silverwing, Marionette (Hey . . . worreverappened to their gorgeous frontman wossisname . . .?), Sacred Alien, The Babysitters, The Dogs D'Amour, Idle Flowers, Mannish Boys, Aunt May, Bad Detective . . . and . . . gasp! puff! pant! . . . others. But who stole the show in '83? Hanoi bleedin' Rocks and Twisted f**kin' Sister – goddamn foreigners! With Crüe an' Ratt loomin' dangerously across the ocean . . .!

Four years on and the only survivors of the Brit-pack are Wrathchild, The Babysitters, The Dogs D'Amour and late arrivals to that original list – The Grip. And while we've witnessed Crüe an' co's swift rise to mega-status, amidst the sad demise of Hanoi Rocks, our dregs of sunny '83 are still strugglin' in the clubs; Wrathchild, not the luckiest band on this slowly revolvin' mud-ball, are seemingly tryin' to hold on to past glories. The Babysitters are treading on dangerous ground after havin' the audacity to replace vocalist Buttz. The Dogs D'Amour are soldierin' on and the undeniably talented Grip are as misunderstood as ever.

Which brings us perfectly . . . if I, aha, do say so myself . . . to the guts of this feature. Where I'm pretty-pleased to announce all is not bleakness and despair, babes 'n' babesses, as there is a definite spark on the horizon. A star just itchin' 'n' bitchin' to turn supernova. I mean, we got the fab, fab, fabulous Tigertailz (see feature in *Kerrang!* #146) – fresh, bombastic and gloss, gloss, glossy with enough high-energy alone to launch the Starship Enterprise! There's the excellent *Lipstick And Bulletz* fanzine, compiled 'n' written by one Alan Harper in Cannock who deserves a mention for dedication and perseverance over and beyond the call of duty. And now, creepin' up more than welcome alongside the TTs are a whole spankin' new array of British hopefuls, with influences rangin' from the Dolls to the Stones through to Crüe and Van Halen. We thought it might be time to investigate further these bands whose pics constantly turn up in *Kerrang!*'s ever-informative Shrapnel pages. But hold, mortals, the aim is not to kategorize. Perish forbid. More to . . . mmm. . . . klassify the buggers.

Before we delve precariously, if I may, there's a thing or two I'd like to point out. The followin' bands haven't been chosen for any major preferential reasons. I say this because while trackin' some of 'em down I was comin' up with tales, whispers and provocative rumours of yet more bands of this loosely relatin' species! The other point bein' the bitterness most of 'em feel about the abundance of publicity lavished on US outfits by the British rock press. Ironic really when you consider the blatant influence the Yanks have had on some of these bands . . . whether they admit it or not. Still, it breaks even a staunch rock 'n' roll heart like mine to hear them talk of havin' to move to the States. All faith and respect for the British music industry is at sewer level. But chins up, boppers, the ever mighty *Kerrang!* is now a weekly periodical. And that means TWICE as much coverage on the ever-booming (let's be optimistic!) British rock music scene. Which is, let's face it, mucho healthy indeed m'dears.

So! A & R people-oids give the wine bars a miss for a night and check out some UK rock talent (Yeah, and sharks might go vegetarian!) British rock fans raise the flag and support these bands. Get up! Get down! Get Patriotic! Call it glam or whatever, it's basically a fusion of styles and 'let's party' attitudes which the sturdily compact term 'rock 'n' roll' always seemed to suit quite nicely. Rock 'n' roll. Simple.

WOLFSBANE: darlin' detestable scuzz-buckets

"WOLFSBANE HAVE got somethin' . . . and I'm stayin' well clear of who they caught it off! The afterbirths of themselves, spawned "in a garage in the asshole of nowhere." Yep, with Blaze Bayley (vocals), Jase the Ace (guitar), Jeff D'Brini (bass) and Steve Mad Dog Danger (drums), it's good clean fun allll the way!

This is a happenin' pile of doggy-doo . . . well, there's definitely a buzz around 'em. Jimbo of the 'Sitters first raved to moi about the darlin' detestable scuzz-buckets some months back, and believe me, he wouldn't have wasted valuable drinkin' time unless they were somethin' creepin' dangerously on special.

As far as I'm concerned, cupcakes, their 'Dancin' Dirty' demo is priceless unreleased Van Halen circa '79. Sassy, freebootin', ad-libbin', loose 'n' swaggerin' kuh-ray-zee. And these ain't lyrics – this is pure

f**kin' poetry!

"Most singers are egotistical w**kers – w**kers who love the sound of their own voices," sez Blaze. "I'm no exception, I'm a c**t."

"There's nothing better than getting up on stage, cranking your guitar up till it sounds totally sexy, giving everyone a hard-on or wet thighs," explains Jase.

"I've got a filthy sleaze whore bitch of a girlfriend," sez Blaze, once again flauntin' his renowned sensitivity " . . . and I'm on first name terms with everyone at the clinic."

Well that's a relief . . . just when we were gettin' the impression Wolfsbane might actually change their underpants.

ER . . . HOW you call your loverboy – TRASH!!! They love it, they talk it, they flaunt it. And in their heels . . . they almost walk it! London's **SOHO ROSES**; Paul Blittz (vox), Andy DeGray (guitar), Julien Dean (bass), Patrice Panache (drums). Together (and I use the word loosely!) almost a year, the Roses favour the Dolls' exaggerated pout along with McClaren's anarchic ethics: 'A band that can't play is better than one that can'.

And I'd hand it to 'em, if they hadn't already handed it to themselves, for gettin' a jump on the 'crowd' by releasin' their own self-financed 12" pink vinyl EP 'Whatever Happened To . . .'

"The way it was goin' financially, we had the choice of a remix or pink vinyl," says Julien, " . . . we went for pink vinyl."

Not bein' as 'LA Metalised' as some, I wondered what their constructive unbiased opinions on that auspicious and influential 'scene' might be.

Andy: "I don't really give a toss!"

Paul: "Most of the so-called 'new sensations' are so ugly they don't need make-up – they need plastic surgery!"

The Roses' 'I love me – who do you love?' philosophy is subtle as ever on the self explanatory 'Crazy About Me': '*Look in the mirror 'n' what do I see?/I see my idol posin' back at me/I've got the goods, babe, to make you mine/might even love you if I find the time.*'

Could such a band have any major practical goals in life?

"Yeah," says Julien, "to have Mike Monroe's baby".

COME ALIVE with **SLEEZE PATROL**. Enjoy Sleeze Patrol – it's the real thing. Let's take an ice-cool sip of Nottingham's 'Sleeziest Partyist Boogie band'. They 'came alive' in early '86, comprisin' Punkie Wayne (vocals, sleezin' 'n' pleezin'), Ken Tuckie Shepherd (guitars 'n' bars), BA Reckit Roland (bass guitar 'n' T/A car) and Stevie Lee Robins (drums, short arms 'n' deep pockets).

Merely goin' by the Ratt-bag glad-rags image and their debut Ratt-soundin' demo . . . I was kinda stuck for comparisons on this mob! Yet when I questioned Punkie . . . "British rock blows US into the ground! I'm very patriotic about all this! I mean, I like Ratt 'n' Crüe, but our influences come from where those bands stole – Sweet 'n' Gary Glitter. Party rock. At our gigs we don't play 'to' a crowd – we play 'with' 'em!"

So what's with this cola business?

"Oh, we've got a *Coca Cola/Pepsi* image. Our backdrop 'n' stuff is based on their logos. We're getting in touch with the companies to see if they would sponsor the single we're recording at Yew Tree Farm studios, Newark."

But . . . 'Sleeze Patrol' sounds as gut-rottin' as the drinks actually are! What if they don't see it as the compliment you do? They might even threaten to sue!

"Well, like I always say . . . if you do it and fail – at least you did it anyway!"

SOHO VULTURES, formerly West End Central, as a certain Melody Makin' friend of mine might say, are 'another revelation'. Materialisin' in May 87, this London foursome consist of ex-Idle Flowers' René Berg (guitar and vocals) and Smash (drums), along with recent recruit Tom Fox (bass) and a certain Nasty "take me away from this horrible shit-hole" Suicide (guitar). The latter Mr. Suicide bein' the main curiosity factor of the band due to his former connection with rock 'n' roll/trash titans . . . Hanoi Thingy.

"I want people to know," Nasty informs, "that somehow I'm not tryin' to create another Hanoi Soxx – but I'm definitely determined to smell bad!"

SOHO ROSES: "Most of the so-called 'new sensations' are so ugly they don't need make-up – they need plastic surgery!"

So how would you describe the band's melodic approach to rock, Nasty?

"Mmm . . . Heavy Pop! . . .No! don't print that! Erm . . .'Space Faggot Recreation'!"

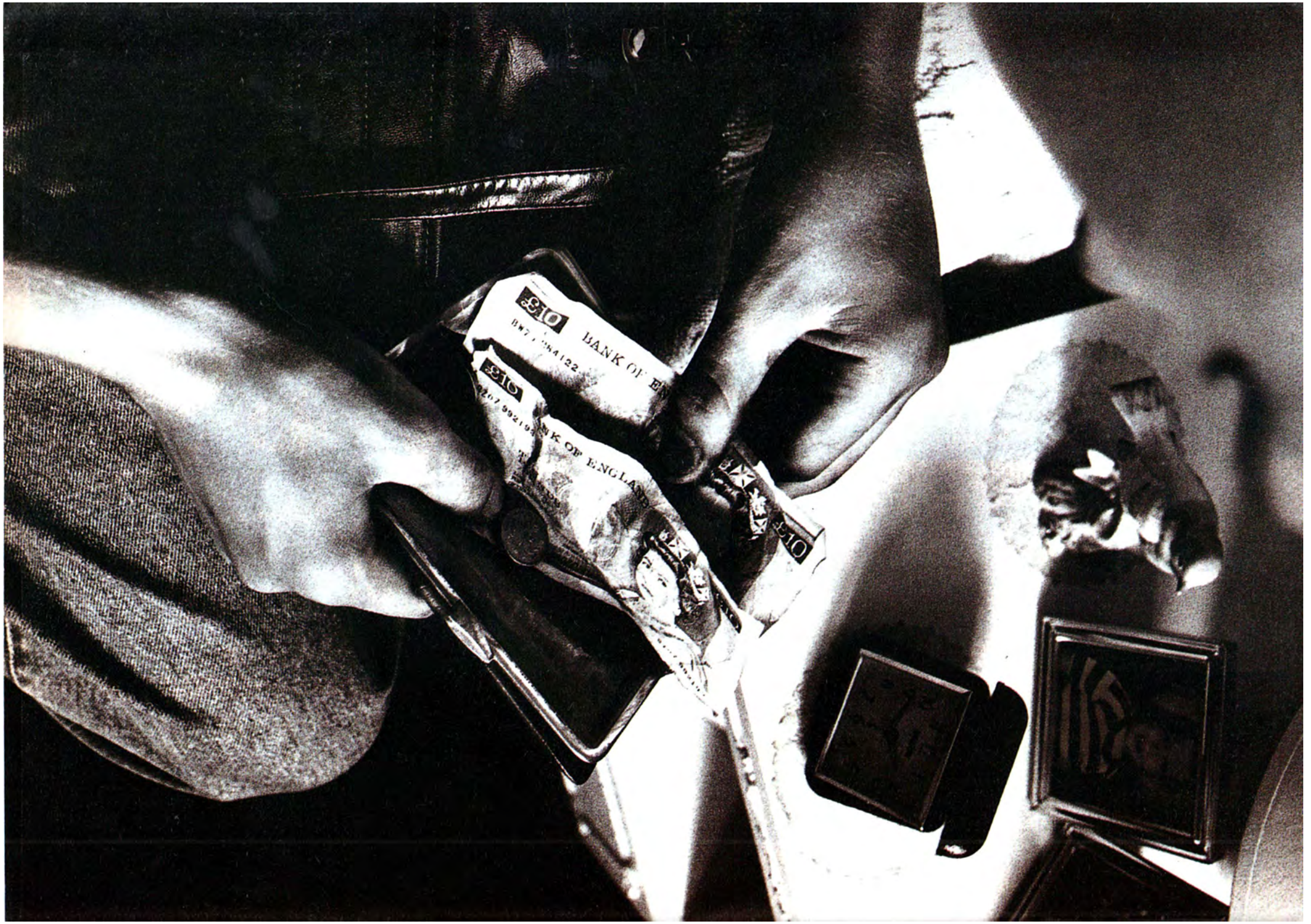
I tell ya, children, gettin' info outta the guy this drunken sunny afternoon was like tryin' to make sense of a Bathory album! But I did learn that the Vultures had been "in and out of the studio" and that "some of it will be released as a single". Also they were preparin' for a short tour of Nasty's native Finland. you know . . . home of the legendary Hanoi Rhubarb.

Nasty, you bastard, you gotta give me some exclusives!

"I don't give any excuses . . ." (?!?)

KONTINUEZ PAGE 30

SLEEZE PATROL: influenced by the Sweet and Gary Glitter


£10
BANK OF E
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BANK OF ENGLAND
£10

A lot of smack-heads have the same supplier.

Their mum.

The first time you try smack, you might not be thinking about the next few dozen times.

But if they happen, they'll cost you money. And what easier place to find it than home?

Even if your mother finds out, she won't tell the police, will she? On the other hand, talking your way out of that won't be much fun.

And if that sounds bad, try talking your way out of this one.

You've used a needle. (Everyone says 'not me,' but people still do.)

If it was someone else's works, they could have had the AIDS virus, although you couldn't tell by looking at them.

And now, your mother wants to know why you look so worried.

SMACK ISN'T WORTH IT

GLAM

FROM PAGE 27

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS! And can'tcha tell the real thing when ya see it! Forget LA boilers Precious and their ilk, (like, don't they have leash laws over there?) – we got our own luscious London lovelies. No jive, it's **NO SHAME**. Jakki Lynn (vocals), Martie 'Ladykillers' Roxan (bass), Tina Listo (guitar) and Liz Watt (drums).

"The million dollar question we get asked by people that haven't seen or heard us . . ." squeaks the sweeter-than-sweet Martie, "is 'Are you like Girlschool or The Bangles?' And we say – mix them together, add glamour, looks, style, charisma, sex, self-raising flour and rock 'n' roll . . . and you'll still only be half-way there!"

"Lock up your sons and boyfriends!" they scream, as the lasses gig like crazy on their 'Good Girls Don't Last' tour. Mae West re-educatin' Snow White. Mötley Crüe dating the Shangri Las. There's good 'n' baad in the girls as they serve up seductively dripping ice-cream Heavy Metal in the shape of 'You're So Cool' and 'Cheater And A Liar'. And that's an 'ice-cream' with a chocolate flake dipped in every time!

SOHO VULTURES: featuring guitarist Nasty Suicide (ex-Hanoi Rocks)

NO SHAME: "Lock up your sons and boyfriends!"

"Lemme tell you about our ambitions," breathes the sultry Jakki. "To have our own cartoon show. Kiss as toy-boys(?!) in one of our videos. A customised, and of course 'endorsed', Pink Marshall backline. And . . . Barbie-doll versions of No Shame complete with movable wrists."

Movable wri . . .?!? Er . . .'nuff said!!

" . . . the likes of Guns n' Roses can stay where they are – we've got our own down 'n' dirty heroes."

THIS QUOTE was the closin' line to a devastatin' Marquee rivvum 'n' boogie, rock-out *Kerrang!* live review . . . which I never handed in . Drats! A month later – guess who didn't stay where they were? Double drats!

Featurin' the talents of Spike (vocals), Nigel Mogg (bass), Guy Bailey (guitar), Chris Johnston (keyboards) and Nick Connel (drums), the **QUIRE** (formerly 'Queer') **BOYS** really have progressed magnificently since the days I heard 'em described as " . . . a great band to get drunk to." Now, it seems, obviously a band worth stayin' sober for! Or surely 'Uncle Phil' (UFO) Mogg wouldn't be guidin' 'em managerially, they wouldn't have got an encore at this year's Reading Festival, and wouldn't have the Georgia Satellites' seal of approval complete with accompanyin' rumours (shhh!) of possible Stateside support action!

Discard unfounded Aerosmith comparisons (boooring!), cos Jagger's mob and Rod's old Faces would be hittin' the nail right on the noggin. The QB's ace card is the sensational tonsils of Spike – Britain just don't produce vocalists like this anymore.

I tell ya, kidlets, this lad is actually worthy sponsorship from – gasp! – JACK DANIELS!

A perfect sum up, after a whole afternoon in a Soho coffee shop rappin' with young Spike, is . . . "I think . . . we're just proper English rock 'n' roll". Believe it.

'AN IMAGE-conscious American influenced rock 'n' roll rescue outfit' is how Chelmsford's scrumptiously titled **TATTOOED LOVE BOYS** describe them-little-selves. Launched initially in April '86 by drummer Mick Ransome, (ex-Praying Mantis), the band also stars; Gary Miéll ('hair' and vocals), Cris CJ

QUIRE BOYS: managed by Phil Mogg, late of UFO

Jagdhar (guitar) and Dee Zee Kaye (bass).

As Mr. Ransome so, er, 'clearly' puts it . . . "My original idea, given that I was fed up with bein' in other peoples' bands whose ideas and presentation were not what I had in mind, was to start the sort of band that I would want to see and hear were I not in it". Hmm.

Although hardly panty-waists in the muso field, the band are only just startin' to settle into the hustle 'n' bustle of the live gig groove. Still there's no denying their determination and professional attitude;

"One of the reasons I believe the band is in the position it is," explains Gary "is because Nick and Cris had a plan, an idea of where they were going from the beginning.

"When I joined they told me they were going to rehearse, demo, video, then gig. And so far everything they said they'd do has been done as planned.

"This band had to look good, talk sense and be fun to be with – that's how I like my women, that's how I want our band to be!"

TATTOOED LOVE BOYS: everything is going according to plan

"WE'RE ALL pretty young really. I wanted to be a star at 16, then 17, 18 – and now I'm 19!" – Karlos.

SUICIDE BLONDE: Karlos (vocals/lead guitar), Jaymie (bass), Marky (drums) and Stevie (rhythm guitar). Formed in April '86 outta the still smoulderin' ashes of Birmingham's lamented Hollywood Refugees. Influences healthily spanning some ultra-dandy rock 'n' roll from Alice to the Stones.

A curiosity indeed; whereas virtually unknown in Blighty, judgin' from their US press snippets – the land of the mouldy hamburger has quite endeared itself to the little brats. Their wonderful demo 'The Boy Who Was Hung . . .' even made the listeners' chart on Detroit's WORB radio station!

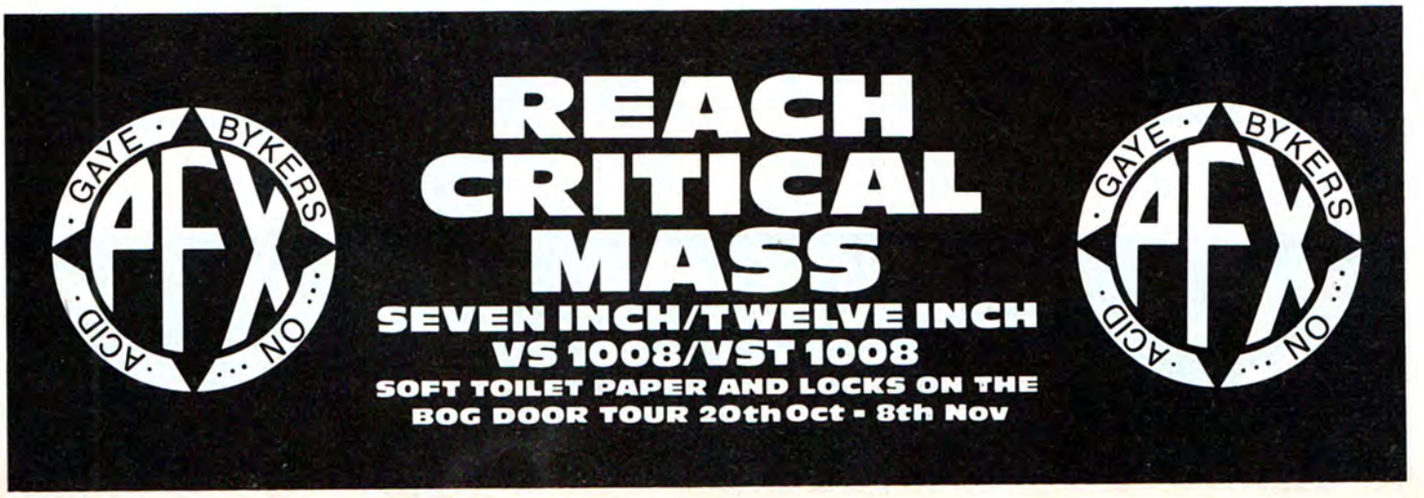
"Too many bands want to appeal to a 'set' audience. We want to appeal to a wide audience – as long as they're all tall, blonde 17-year-old females!" says Stevie, obviously out to project the band's versatility.

They plan a 45, 'Little Jesse Big Shot' c/w 'Unlovable', on their own label as soon as poss. Yet still the outstandin' feature of Suicide 'Blonde', is that the ruffians are guilty of perpetratin' the cunning li'l paradox of all havin' 'black' hair.

"The name and our black hair was an intentional idea," explains Marky, "that we're not sure actually works."

Well I'll tell ya guys . . . it does it for me.

SUICIDE BLONDE: so what's with the 'black' hair?!



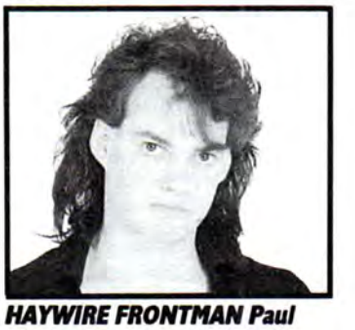
WIMPWIRE

THE COLUMN THAT REAL MEN AVOID. BY DEREK OLIVER

FOREIGNER VOCALIST Lou Gramm: a solo tour in Germany

GREGG GIUFFRIA: back in Angel?

MICHAEL FURLONG: breakin' away in late October



HAYWIRE FRONTMAN Paul MacAusland: second LP out now on Attic

CRIKEY, THERE'S a glorious selection of upcoming releases, headed of course by the return of AOR supremos **Foreigner** whose new album, tentatively titled **'Inside Information'**, is definitely set for release on Atlantic Records this side of Christmas. Produced by guitarist/main man **Mick Jones** and featuring vocalist **Lou Gramm** (who has just finished a solo tour of Germany supported by **Stan Bush**) the new material appears to be just a shade heavier than their last couple of albums, heralding a renaissance of that classic **'Head Games'** raunch 'n' roll style. Good stuff alright and well worth dropping a small note to Santa Claus (no, dickhead, not the band!) about.

Over on the continent you'll be pleased to hear that spiffing German melodic rockers **Craaft** are not only still in business but are actually about to release a new album, their first since last year's highly praised 'n' raved debut. Called **'Don't Stop The Rock'** on the Epic label, produced by **Peter Hauke** (**White Lion, Saga**) and featuring a couple of new members, the album promises to be right up Wimpwire's avenue so keep yer ears primed.

Also due out are a selection of great albums by the following wimp gods: A **Gary Wright** (ex-**Spooky Tooth**) LP on the Cypress label recorded in Switzerland and featuring **Mr Mister** guitarist **Steve Farris**, drummer **Terry Bozzio** (ex **Missing Persons**) and bass man **Jimmy Haslip** (ex-**Blackjack**); **Platinum Blonde**'s **'Contact'** on WEA produced by ex-**Chic** man **Bernard Edwards** (their last album went quintuple platinum in Canada!); New Australian soft rockers **Noiseworks** with their self-titled debut album on CBS; Ex-**April Wine** front man **Myles Goodwyn** whose first solo album is due on the Aquarius label early next year; Also on Aquarius is a new album from French-Canadian singer/songwriter **Michael Pagliaro** called **'Avant'** which, if my memory serves me correctly, is his first for at least a couple of years; Finally there's **Haywire** with their incredible second album **'Don't Just Stand There'** produced by **Brian Allen** on Attic records.

Oh, and let's not forget the very wonderful Mr **Michael Furlong** who has returned with a simply astonishing new album, **'Breakaway'**, due for release through the Music For Nations label on October 26. Recorded in Hawaii (lucky sod!) and consisting of nine precious tracks, the record follows nicely in the glorious hard-edged melodic style set by his debut album **'Head On Rock And Roll'** released as long ago now as 1985 (on Atlantic in the US/Roadrunner in the UK). Frankly I find it almost incredible that our man Michael Furlong was once a member of those wacky moshers **Wild Dogs**! Still worse things happen . . .

Like **Zebra** being ceremoniously dropped from their record label Atlantic. Yeah, I couldn't believe it either, and the barmiest thing is that their last album, the glorious **'3.V'**, was one of 1986's best melodic rock releases. Still, all is not lost because they do have some very concrete plans to haul themselves back into favour, and I for one am gonna be supporting them all the way. I'll keep yer posted on this one.

TALKING OF bad luck you'll probably be fully aware that following the release of **Icon**'s astonishing **'Night Of The Crime'** album, Capitol records, with all their wit and wisdom, went and dropped the blighters from their roster like a lead balloon. Well, fear not because the masters of melody are back and biting, admittedly with a slightly re-shuffled line-up, searching for a new deal, and if the quality of the nine-song demo I have in my possession (thanks Ed!) is anything to go by they'll certainly have little difficulty. Great power rock, slightly less dynamic than 'Night Of The Crime' material, led by new vocalist **Jerry Harrison** who pilots the band into some mesmerising and memorable Metal.

Another case of the axe being brought down on an utterly innocent party is the news that **Giuffria** have been dropped by MCA. Criminal if you ask me, but no need to worry because the latest rumour is that Gregg Giuffria could well be in line to fill the keyboard vacancy in the reformed **Angel**. Now, that's not such a bitter pill to have to swallow is it? Oh, and don't be surprised if **David Glen Eisley** gets the vocal spot over original Angel man **Frank Dimino!**

Zeno, the German band who appeared on the scene in a blaze of publicity (mostly concerning the extortionate recording costs attributed to their stunning debut album released on Parlophone records) and then promptly disappeared under a cloud of confusion and suspicion, have recently been spotted hard at work (with a replacement drummer) on some fine new demos. Having been privy to a short playback I can reveal that the new songs are simply staggering, overflowing with huge guitar chords and brilliant vocals courtesy of **Michael Flexig.** And the word is, they are just inches away from signing with another major label.

WITH ALL this talk about AOR bands being dropped, one might overlook the fact that an equal number are being signed up. So look out for some new names, including ex-**Shark Island** member **Richard Czerny** (to A&M), the magnificent **Britny Fox**, and **LA Rocks**, a simply phenomenal band whose sound is an incredible hybrid of **Journey**, Giuffria and **White Sister** (new LP due any day now!). I'm wetting my knickers in anticipation for that lot.

Oh, and the UK hasn't disgraced itself either. Not only have RCA inked a new band (super popsters **2AM**), but WEA seem to have caught the signing bug as well by splashing out on a new quintet called **Ya Ya**. Well they're not exactly new because they released an album of infectious pop rock titled **'Scarred'** (on Rock 'n' Roll Records) way back in 1984 as well as a couple of singles on Epic. At that time the band was led by a geezer called **Lea Hart** (one-time member of the **Bay City Rollers**, I think) who subsequently left the band and is now working with **Fastway** axe maniac **Eddie Clarke**. Since then Hart's vacancy has been adequately filled by young **Sam Bluett**, late of **Emerson** and more recently with **Paul Samson**'s now crumbled **Empire**, whose finely tuned vocals fit in a treat helping to conjure up a sound that sits somewhere between **Cutting Crew** and **Foreigner**. Expect their debut LP co-produced by **Tony Tavenor** (**ELP**), **Mike Shipley** (**Cars**) and **Mike Chapman** (**Pat Benatar**) to be released on WEA early next year.

That's all for now and hey, let's be wimpy out there!

VIDZ!

IT'S A damn good job the average British schoolkid gets 40 quid a week pocket money, otherwise how on earth could we be expected to keep up with the necessities of life such as booze, fags and the latest Channel 5 video releases?

This week, those industrious Channel 5 chappies have four rock vidz for you to squander your beer tokens on: **'Cream – Farewell Performance', 'Ian Gillan Band – Live At The Rainbow', 'John Cougar Mellencamp – Ain't That America'** and **'Dio – Special From The Spectrum'.**

And rather than let you rush out and snap them all up only to discover to your horror such mind-blowingly disappointing facts that the Dio one *doesn't* feature Denzil The Dragon, and that the Cougar one is quite boring if you're not a fan already, here's a quick-look guide to what's hot and what's not.

Cream: Recorded at the Royal Albert Hall on 26th November 1968, this finds Bruce, Baker and Clapton (the BBC of rock) carrying out their 'Forget the message, forget the lyrics and just play' motto with remarkable exuberance.

Interspersed with interviews and demonstrations from each member, this video is really a short documentary from the forefathers of HM. It features some frenzied solos from El Boy backed by the manic drumming of Baker (plus a classic epic drum solo), and the kind of stunning improvisation that made Cream a legend in Chris Welch's lunchtime.

Ian Gillan Band: . . . As opposed to 'Gillan', I must stress. This isn't the Tormé-tortured Metal of the early '80s but the curious jazz/rock of the mid-to-late 70s, with Gillan himself looking quite out of place in a white dinner jacket and Medallion Man-style shirt headbanging to the intricate jazz licks of guitarist Ray Fenwick and keyboardsman Colin Towns.

Purple purists will cringe at the bastardised versions of 'Child In Time', 'Smoke On The Water' and 'Woman From Tokyo', but Ian's fans will be glad to hear him singing with the kind of clarity and range that seems to have escaped him now.

John Cougar Mellencamp: The upstart from Indiana with a mouth so big you hardly realise he has a face.

This is an 11-track commentary on his interesting career up to and including the 'Uh Huh' album, where he naturally wastes no time in airing his cynical and at times (ie 'Pink Houses') poignant view of America.

Includes 'Jack And Diane', 'Crumblin' Down', 'Authority Song' and a real mixture of good and bad (ie 'Ain't Even Done With The Night' – appalling!) promos. For Cougar fans only.

Dio: The best of the bunch. No Denzil I'm afraid, but plenty of lasers, flashbombs, flame-jets, neon guitars, fluorescent whips, fireworks and songs about rainbows.

This is perhaps the last time we'll get to see the band with former guitarist Vivian Campbell, and apart from the traditional Dio setbacks (long drum solo, too many slow songs together etc) it's a colourful and action-packed show. Well worth a tenner.

And finally . . . spare a thought for **'Twisted Sister – Come Out And Play' (Hendring),** a chucklesome 30-minute package of promos that deal with Dee's fave topic of teenage oppression.

'We're Not Gonna Take It', 'Leader Of The Pack', 'I Wanna Rock', 'Be Chrool To Your Scuel' (featuring Alice Cooper) . . . they're all great fun vidz, and I'd recommend this collection before any of the last few TS albums. Maybe Dee should pack his curling tongs and head for Hollywood now . . . MARK PUTTERFORD

KULTURE!

EDITED BY MALCOLM DOME

FILMZ!

'DEMONS II' (18)

SOME GOOD moments, some bad dubbing, a bursting toddler, death-by-brolly, a pregnant Jane Seymour lookalike and the answer to the question that haunted Donington-goers of whatever happened to Dio's dragon, but other than that, 'Demons II' sucked moderately large quantities of maggot dick.

They shouldn't feel too bad about it. There's only ever been in history two IIs – Zeppelin's and 'The Evil Dead's' – worth shelling out for. And horror IIs – 'The Exorcist', 'Nightmare On Elm Street', 'Texas Chainsaw Massacre' and the rest – have been notoriously dodgy.

Where this spaghetti gore-a-rama falls down is by trying to put across a bit of a *plot* instead of, like 'Demons I', letting the splatter do the talking.

'II's' set in a swish block of flats filled with assorted aerobicised girls, muscle-pumping guys, a cutesy little boy, a mother-to-be . . . and Sally who's having a birthday party but has got the hump.

She goes to her room to watch a TV show about the Very Same Demons who starred in 'Demons I'. One of the documentary team cuts her finger, the blood revives a dead Demon 'Hellraiser'-style, and before you know it he's popped out of the TV screen just like David Cronenberg's 'Videodrome' and it's *party time!*

Soon the whole building – reminiscent of another Cronenberg classic, 'Shivers' – will be demonically infected and minor mayhem will ensue.

Tame stuff compared with 'Demons' though, and some good opportunities wasted – Jane Seymour's childbirth scene, for one – but it's nice to see some of the characters from 'I' turning up here again – the Stallonesque punk gets a new job as a security guard, the heroic pimp is now a gym teacher, even if he does get to say the same *"Let's get outta here!"* lines! – and the scene where the demon bursts out of the cute kid and takes the form of Dio's Denzil could make it all worthwhile.

SYLVIE SIMMONS

DEMONS II: another *Kerrang!* Ladykiller pouts seductively for the camera . . .

FULL METAL JACKET (18)

KUBRICK HAS once again produced a film of quality and starkness. 'Full Metal Jacket' pulls no punches and takes no prisoners in what is essentially a two-part view of Vietnam and war through Kubrickian eyes.

Part one concentrates on the brutal training camp and the relationship between Private Joker (Matthew Modine) and Lee Ermy as the relentless drill instructor.

Basically, this is a blunt documentation of the dehumanising process which occurs, something illustrated by Modine's vicious assault on the helpless unfortunate Private Pile, someone for whom Modine had earlier stuck up.

Part two sees Private Joker enter the combat zone and confront situations which are both horrific and highly emotional. To actually outline the plot I would need at least two pages, and to hypothesise on the importance of this release would require another one.

Instead, I shall answer various criticisms I have seen levelled at this film.

It is not a series of unconnected events, it is a documentation of the horror and stupidity of war. It does not really attempt to uncover any stunning 'Nam revelations, it simply shows Kubrick's view of the whole conflict.

'Full Metal Jacket' deserves – as do all Kubrick films – close scrutiny and attention, and is probably the best most realistic view of 'Nam/war since 'Apocalypse Now'. Essential viewing for those not afraid to witness one man's bitter view of one of man's most stupid activities.

STEFFAN CHIRAZI

'LETHAL WEAPON' (18)

I HAD no real aspirations or hopes for this movie. Indeed I only saw it because of the necessity of getting a review into this particular issue. But, my word, I'm glad I took the opportunity to see this because 'Lethal Weapon' is superb.

The story of two radically different Chicago cops (Danny Glover – a middle-aged sergeant with a family, sense of stability, and doing things by the book; and Mel Gibson – an unstable loner with a penchant for acting on impulse) forced to work together as a team on a homicide/drugs investigation.

The tension really does build up and provides sufficient intelligence in the script to allow the two central characters and their relationship to be explored in considerable depth.

Glover is suitably solid in his role, whilst Gibson really does come across with spectacular passion. See this, it's one of '87's best movies.

MALCOLM DOME

BOOKS!

'GHOUL' by Michael Slade (W H Allen)

AT LAST, a bloody good thriller to read whilst your sharpening your axe on those cold winter nights.

With names like Jack The Bomber, the Vampire Killer, the Ghoul, Zinc Chandler and the Great Cthulu how can it fail.

It's got sewers, a rock horror group, gays dying all over the place (and not only from AIDS), drugs, snuff-films, dirty money, contract killings and even sex. It gives me a psychotic hard-on just sat here writing about it.

It's so good that I've read it twice, and the last book that had me doing that was 'Headhunter' also written by Michael Slade.

All in all it's one of the sickest thrillers to ever draw blood. Buy it.

KRUSHER JOULE

'THE BACHMAN BOOKS' by Stephen King (NEL)

'KINGDOM OF FEAR' edited by Tim Underwood and Chuck Miller (NEL)

RICHARD BACHMAN, as I'm sure afficionados are aware, was Stephen King's secret alter-ego, a publishing name for the overspill of his formidable output of stories and novels.

And now that the cover has been blown, here's the inevitable compilation of the first four of those novels.

'Rage' was written when King was just 17, and shows that he's always packed that compelling, page-turning power that lets his narrative excel.

A boy walks into school, shoots his teacher and takes his classmates hostage, providing the backdrop for King to explore their adolescent minds. It's magic until King tries to turn it into 'The Lord Of The Flies' towards the end.

'The Long Walk', 'The Running Man' and 'Roadwork' employ King's usual technique of putting ordinary people in extraordinary situations; pulling their lives apart and examining how they stand up. None are horror novels; all contain horrific elements.

Four King novels for a fiver is value for money in my book, which is more than you can say for 'Kingdom Of Fear', a collection of essays dissecting King's life, work and just about everything else except for how often the great man visits the bathroom.

If you want to know why King writes, read his novel 'Danse Macabre' and not this.

Only Clive Barker's warm and carefully wrought appreciation of King's work, and Ramsay Campbell's neat horror come across as worthwhile entertainment value.

JON HOTTEN

KILLERWATT

ASSAULT & BATTERY

Pic Ray Palmer

THE BEAT goes on: sticksmen Tony Bray (Venom) and Dave Dufort (Phantasm) drum up support for the Remo Power Tom drum kit and Rogers cymbals.

REMO EN-4511-XX
5-PIECE POWER
TOM DRUM KIT
RRP £450

'SNAPPY'. THAT'S THE impression created by Remo drums' appearance, technology and sound. These new American-made drums are the brainchild of Remo D Belli, whose Remo drum heads have been used throughout the world for years.

The tough drum shells, made from Acousticon, a laminate of wood fibre, bonded and impregnated with resins, result in an extremely LOUD response – which makes them ideal for Heavy Metal and hard rock drummers. Tony Bray of Venom is having a 20-piece Remo kit assembled for his Autumn tour, using no less than *four* 26 x 24 inch bass drums in an eye catching gold finish.

The average player who needs a normal sized kit, however, should check out the Remo Encore EN-4511 five-drum kit with power sized tom-toms, which comes in gold, white and red finishes. We had a look at one of the kits at Drumhire, in London's Edgeware Road, and I was impressed by its good looks, sound, and the handy 'Powersnaps' which allow fast removal of the drum hoops'n'heads.

Gary Mann, Remo's UK representative, set up a kit for me to try out. "They resonate very well and for that reason they are very loud drums," he explained. Apart from Powersnaps and Acousticon shells, the drums are also noted for their Quadura covering, a scratch-resistant wrinkle-free laminate which comes in seven colours. Quadura, as the name suggests, is a four-ply laminate of material similar to the Mylar used for Remo's drum heads.

We have looked at Remo kits before, but new to the range is a special tom-tom holder, launched at Frankfurt this year, which is neat and highly mobile. There are no clumsy, clanking ratchets or teeth, it consists of plates which attach to each drum and are held down on the central post by a large, chunky wing nut. You can hang up to five tom-toms with this arrangement, and ball joints allow the drums to swivel to any angle, while the plates enable you to have the drums as close or far away as your reach requires. Another nifty touch – you can 'park' your drum key in a hole in the tom holder, so you won't mix it up with the loose change in your jacket back in the dressing room!

The Remo Encore EN-4511-XX comprises a 16 x 22 inch bass drum; 8 x 14 inch snare drum, 11 x 12 and 12 x 13 power toms, and 16 x 16 inch floor tom-tom. You get the tom-tom holder and legs, but the rest of the hardware, pedals, cymbals etc are all extra. The drums are fitted with RemoStripe batter heads and Ambassador bottom heads, with Ebony front heads on the bass drums. The latter are also fitted with heavy duty bass drum spurs which fold away when not in use.

Another standard fitting on the bass drums are 'Muff'l' sound controls, a foam muffling system, which can also be applied to the tom-toms and snare drums, using a plastic O-ring tray which simply slips over the shell under the hoop and holds a ring of foam. This eliminates the need for blankets, sticky tape or whatever other method you use to cut out unwanted drum 'ring'.

The plastic O-ring tray is one of those simple ideas you wonder nobody thought of before, and together with the Powersnaps, makes tuning and amping a much easier task. If you fit the full-sized foam disc, you can muffle the drums enough to turn them into a practice kit.

As for the hardware, you can choose packs from the Dynamax range of stands and pedals. The 500 Series Extra Heavy stands with doubled braced legs and 'Quicklocks' are recommended for this particular drum set. The hardware is actually made in Taiwan but the drums are made in Remo's North Hollywood factory, where Remo will design and build kits to anyone's particular specifications.

I found the kit had a chunky satisfying sound, once the 'Muff'ls' had been removed, and it felt a very sturdy set up that could surely take a more powerful battering than I was prepared to give it while the Drumhire staff were trying to do business on the 'phone!

REMO EN-4511-XX five drum kit, comprising: 16 x 22 inch bass drum, 8 x 14 snare drum, 11 x 12 and 12 x 13 tom-toms, 16 x 16 floor tom-tom, and 16 x 22 inch bass drum. £450 excluding hardware. Distributed in the UK by Arbiter Musical Instruments, Unit 8, Eldonwall Trading Estate, Staples Corner, London NW2 7AF.

ROGERS CYMBALS
RRP see text

CYMBALS ARE VITAL to all drummers but they can be a source of much headscratching, confusion and expense for the unwary, so it is good to know there are compact ranges at reasonable prices that should serve every drummer's needs.

Rogers, a name long associated with drumming, have their own range of quality cymbals, divided into four groups: Power Rock, Black Rock, White Hot and Red Hot, and within each group there are crash, splash and ride cymbals a-plenty.

The cymbals are gold coloured, identified by bold colour stripes, and some are notable for the unusually deep tone grooves that make them look like monster 78 rpm records.

First I tried out a Power Rock 18 inch China type, all velly Oriental, and it produced a sonorous sustained roar fit to bring down the great Wall Of Neasden.

Next up on the stand was a 20-inch Power Ride, with 10 big red stripes across it and pock marks which suggest it had been hand beaten by nameless craftsmen. The Power Rock range has been developed for professionals for volume playing, and the Power Ride had a very hard response, ideal for cutting through megawatt PA systems. An 18-inch Power Crash had unusually thick grooves with a surprisingly high tone.

The Red Hot range are designed as 'starter' cymbals for new drummers looking for value for money. I tried out a 20-inch Red Hot Ride which 'decayed' quickly after being struck, and is ideal for nifty jazz-style solos, *à la* Louis Bellson, but p'raps not much cop if you are drumming for Metallica.

A 12-inch Red Hot Splash was very sweet, and the 14-inch hi-hats in the range were warm and smooth to the touch, sensual, like the loving body of Gladys . . . er sorry, we digress.

The Black Rock range are mean looking muthas, dull gold, black stripes, thick grooves, ideal for Black Sabbath, and the 18-inch Loud Crash means what it says. Even the 14-inch Crash looked menacing and shrieked in villainous fashion when clobbered with a pair of sticks.

The White Hots seemed much more user-friendly and ideal for Art Rock, Hippie and Christian bands. With their halos of innocence the 16-inch Crash sang with a deep musical tone, and the 20-inch ride set up a deep, mellifluous rumble. The 20-inch White Hot Ride has thinner tone grooves, and a pair of 14 inch Heavy hi-hats, while prettier in white stripes than the Black Rockers, had plenty of strength and a heavy sound.

There are many more to choose – some 50 types in all, but here is a price guide to the models we tested. Okay Rogers, over and out.

Retail Prices inc. VAT:
Rogers Cymbals: Power Rock, 18-inch China type £69.39; 20-inch Power Ride £69.42; 18-inch Power Crash £58.99.

Red Hot, 20-inch Ride £39.02; 12-inch Splash £12.99; 14-inch hi-hats £32.11.

Black Rock, 18-inch Loud Crash, £52.13; 14-inch Heavy hi-hats £52.93; 14-inch Crash £26.86.

White Hot, 16-inch Crash £32.11; 20-inch Ride £15.30; 14 inch Heavy hi-hat £43.38.

Distributed by Arbiter Musical Instruments Ltd. Unit 8, Eldonwall Trading Estate, Staples Corner, Priestley Way, London NW2 7AF.

CHRIS WELCH

KERRANG! GOES WEAKLY AT THE KNEES

■ STARS, LIGGERS and poseurs poured into the giant *Kerrang!* party at London's Astoria to celebrate our 'going weekly'. And that was just the staff! Seriously folks, it was a great bash when the likes of **Iron Maiden, Jeff Beck, Jonathan King, Beki Bondage** and **FM** helped liberate vast quantities of alcohol on a Friday lunchtime.

It kicked off in the venue's '**Keith Moon** Bar' – and if the spirit of Keith was looking down from the great drum kit in the sky, he would have approved as the party spilled over into the vast auditorium.

Hot rockers **Kooga** blasted away onstage to serenade legions of guests, including a team from **MTV**, armed with cameras.

Kooga were introduced by *Kerrang!* editor **Geoff Barton** with a long and moving speech. "Without the power of rock, there could never be a *Kerrang!*" he stormed, as candles were lit and men wept openly.

Meanwhile flashguns sizzled as celebs toasted the rise of *Kerrang!* But it wasn't all laughter and merry making. There were tears too when our **Alison Joy** realised **Joe Elliott** of **Def Leppard** wasn't coming. "It left me totally distraught," she quivered.

Never mind, Your Bar Person enjoyed a long chat with **Bruce Dickinson** of Maiden – while Beki Bondage and **Lisa Dominique** sent pulses racing as they revealed intimate details of their . . . next tours, etc.

Milling, mingling and seen sharing jokes and sausages on sticks were **Brian Howe** (**Bad Company**), **Chrome Molly, Sacrilege, Tigertailz, Dark Star, Virginia Wolf, Zodiac Mindwarp, Balaam And The Angel, Cockney Rejects, Shy, Girlschool, Magnum, Waysted** and the **Quire Boys**.

Incidentally, Jonathan King signed himself in the guest book as simply 'Star'.

The party ended as it had begun, back in the Keith Moon Bar, where the chuckers-out finally had to be called in to repel hardcore ad-men and PRs. And so we stumbled out into the street – and it was still daylight!

In the words of the Prophet **Dome**, the day had been "well in order". Now what do we do? Oh yes, get the next issue out!

THE GORGEOUS Gladys Issitt (ex-Kerrang! sekretary, now PR for Music For Nations) discusses the merits of the latest Holy Terror release with Tam (Sacrilege)

HORROR AUTHOR Shaun Hutson shows off his latest horrific character

BANANARAMA UNVEIL their new image

KERRANG! PUBLISHER 'Bomber' Bob Thrussell with the only people at the party rumoured to be older than he is – Jonathan King and John Parr

"SORRY, WHEN were you in Blind Faith?" Will Chris Welch's time-honoured chat-up line lead to a quick knee-trembler with Beki Bondage?

DANTE BONUTTO smirks as Paul Raymond sucks on 12 gobstoppers from the lavish buffet

WIPE OUT! The F*t B*ys (aka Kerrang!sters Derek Oliver, Ross Halfin and Steffan Chirazi) celebrate their surf/hip hop crossover chart success

NEVILLE MACDONALD of Kooga emulates legendary Marino 'throwing shapes' pose

Pix Pete Cronin

KLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

DAWN THE NURSE you got a WASP t-shirt the same as Sandra from Arbroath Donington '87. Blackie Lawless is your Hero. Phone Sandra soon at 0241 71780.

ANN WILSON Carline Munroe type female artist wants penfriends from America everywhere. Authorities on American Indian Culture especially welcome. Box No K995.

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EXCLUSIVE HAND painted t-shirts etc. SAE to Malachi Designs Dane End, Selwyn Corner, Guyhim, Wobeck, Cambs.

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MAMA'S BOYS
Growing Up The Hard Way' (Jive HIP C49)
KKKK

BACK FROM the gloom and despair of two years spent in the wilderness wondering if this record would ever see the light of day. They needn't have worried, of course, because the new Mama's Boys sound is stronger, sleazier and more spine-chilling than ever before.

Why? Well, having got themselves into a right old pickle peddling a form of powerful blues boogie that had about as much potential as Dumpy bedding Anita Dobson, the boys gracefully accepted that enough was enough. Too much of a good thing never did them any real harm but it certainly wasn't getting them any further down that long and twisting road to global domination, so they've taken on a new direction.

Yup, with the addition of ex-Airrace vocalist Keith Murrell (who had spent the previous year touring with his child hero Cliff 'cough' Richard!) the boys have hit upon a brand spanking new sound that oozes new-found energy and vitality yet retains that classic Mama's Boys blues breaking grittiness. Indeed, not only have they hit upon a chart-cracking new-found melodic awareness, but they've successfully capitalised on their raunchy rock past. A good move alright, and one that with any luck should start reaping some excellent financial rewards.

Keith Murrell, whose fine lungs have come on a treat since his Airrace days, is their jewel in the crown as far as I'm concerned. Here is a young British bloke who's got enough cool croak to turn an ordinary song into a bonafide classic. Take the lead-off cut 'Waiting For A Miracle' (the current single) as an example, where Murrell takes the hookline into the stratosphere, loops the loop and pilots it down to a smooth soft soulful landing. Great AOR, not a million miles removed from Survivor and utterly indispensible to a Wimpwire worshipper.

Other glory moments include the ice cool composure of 'In Over My Head' (bits here that would put Toto to shame), the raunch and staunch of 'Bedroom Eyes' featuring tight rhythm back-up and ace slide guitar from the fingers and thumbs of Pat McManus, and the heavily funky 'I've Had Enough', which finds the boys tip-toeing into Mothers Finest territory. 'Hot Blood' is another hard-edged AOR classic, and the cracking chunk funk of Stevie Wonder's 'Higher Ground', and . . . oh, what the heck. It's all great stuff and my advice is to grab it now before you realise what's hit you.

A cracking comeback produced to an exceptionally high standard by Philip Bagley, and one that'll be sure to have 'em making a lot more friends this time around for sure.

DEREK OLIVER

LEVITICUS
'Setting Fire To The Earth' (RM RMLP 027)
KKK3/4

MATURE SONGWRITING, strong and stylish playing and Bible-thumpin' lyrics are the trademark of promising Swedish band Leviticus.

But since the band last graced these lug-bending leaves with 'The Strongest Power' (a couple of years ago, I believe), they have evolved from a tough'n'tenacious trio into a somewhat less-ferocious four-piece, with a sound that suggests they're ready to edge away from the HM mainstream.

And while this is a good idea, I can't help feeling that the production of 'Setting Fire . . .' could be a bit beefier at times.

In fact, Leviticus are a very kompetent all-round band and the mouth waters when you think of what they could come up with after a few months in the company of a top-name rock producer. Let's hope they get that chance before long.

MARK PUTTERFORD

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■ ***INSANIAC*** *a quartet from New Jersey, have just finished work on a demo titled* ***'Psychomania'****, featuring the following tracks:* ***'Psychomania', 'Quiet', 'Circle Of Death', 'Rabid Fire'*** *and* ***'Apocalypse Warrior'****.*

Copies of this tape are avaliable at a price of $6 (incl. p&p) from: Insaniac, PO Box 8048, Glen Ridge, New Jersey 07028 8048, USA. Please make all cheques/money orders payable to ***'CJ Scioscia'****.*

The band's line-up is (above, from left): ***CJ Scioscia*** *(guitar),* ***Tom Medcraft*** *(bass),* ***Eddie 'Scortly' Sciortino*** *(drums) and* ***Tom Nolz*** *(guitar/vocals).*

■ ***TEACHER'S PET,*** *from Cardiff have just recruited drummer* ***Ritchie Hullah****. The new line-up is pictured above. The band, who are currently negotiating a recording deal, play dates at Birmingham Edwards No. 8 October 18, Llanharan Rugby FC November 17.*

■ ***ZANITY,*** *A Swedish HM band, have just completed work on their demo, which features the following tracks:* ***'Guiding Light'*** *and* ***'Time Out Of Mind'****.*

The band's line-up is (above, from left): ***Y. Frank*** *(guitar),* ***T. Niva*** *(lead vocals),* ***J. Strandh*** *(guitar),* ***C. Elth*** *(drums) and* ***R. Elander*** *(bass).*

■ *LEAD VOCALIST* ***Michelle Honey*** *(above) has left* ***Hammerfist*** *and formed her own band,* ***Diamond Lady****. Joining the singer (who is now known as* ***Michelle Diamond****) are* ***Guy L'Vriene/Colin Guthrie*** *(guitar),* ***Paul Antony Power*** *(drums) and* ***Martin Thompson*** *(bass).*

The group have just recorded a four-track demo titled ***'Up & Running'****, which is available at a price of £1.95 (incl. p&p) from: Michelle Diamond,* ***8 Holly Rd., Charlemont, West Bromwich, Birmingham B71 3AD.***

■ **BON JOVI** have just issued a 12" live EP in Australia. Titled **'Live Tour EP'**, it features the following tracks: **'Breakout', 'Runaway', 'Tokyo Road'** and **'Wanted Dead Or Alive'**. There is also a free sew-on patch with the record.

■ **BEKI AND THE BOMBSHELLS** have now parted company with their management due to a disagreement over the direction the band should take. In addition, they've also changed their fan club address to the following: **200 Victoria Rd., Cambridge CB4 3LG.**

■ FOLLOWING our announcement in Mayhem last issue, **Dio** have now confirmed the dates for their UK tour. These are as published and tickets are priced at £8.50/£7.50, except for the Birmingham NEC Forum (December 2) and Newport Centre (December 11) where they are £8.

Tickets can be purchased from the respective box offices and usual outlets. In addition, they are also on sale via the following credit card hotlines: **01 741 8989/021 780 4133.**

■ **JOE SATRIANI** issues a new album, **'Surfing With The Alien'**, through Food For Thought Records on October 26.

■ **ELIXIR** are currently seeking a suitable drummer. Interested parties should send a tape/biography/photo to: **Seymour Mincer, Elixir Records, 36 Lion Mills, 394-396 Hackney Rd., London E2 7ST.** Tel: **01 729 2169.**

■ SUNDERLAND BAND **Well, Well, Well** will issue their debut album on the Arista label at the beginning of 1988. The LP, as yet untitled, was produced by **Stefan Gelfas** and mixed by **Ian Taylor.**

■ **SACRED REICH** issue their latest album, **'Ignorance'**, through the Metal Blade label in the US on October 21. The band recently played a show in Phoenix, Arizona when they were joined by **Kerry King** of **Slayer** and **Jason Newsted** of **Metallica.** Regular bassist **Phil Rind** was unable to perform due to an asthma attack. Rind, you might remember, played for a short while with **Flotsam & Jetsam** following Newsted's departure to Metallica.

■ **EXUMER** HAVE just released their second album, **'Rising From The Sea'**, through SPV Records in Germany. Produced by **Tommy Ziegler** with the band at Zückerfabrik Studios in Stuttgart, it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Winds Of Death', 'Rising From The Sea', 'Decimation'**, and **'The First Supper'.**

Side Two: **'Unearthed', 'Shadow Of The Past', 'Are You Deaf?', 'I Dare You'** and **'Ascention Day'.**

The band are likely to support **Warfare** at the London Marquee Club on November 15.

■ **KARRIER** HAVE recruited lead vocalist **Barry Thorne.** The band are currently recording an album in the West Midlands.

■ **METAL BLADE** have just issued the **Diamond Head** compilation **'Behold The Beginning'** in the US. The track listing differs slightly from the British version (released by Metal Masters) and is as follows:

Side One: **'Am I Evil?', 'It's Electric', 'The Prince'** and **'Sucking My Love'.**

Side Two: **'Streets Of Gold', 'Play It Loud', 'Shoot Out The Lights', 'Sweet And Innocent', 'Waited Too Long'** and **'Helpless'.**

All the songs have been remixed by guitarist **Brian Tatler** (now with **Radio Moscow**) and the LP also has sleeve notes written by DH fanatic **Lars Ulrich,** drummer with **Metallica,** who've actually covered two Diamond Head numbers themselves viz 'Am I Evil?' and 'Helpless'.

■ CLEVELAND BAND **Black Vömit** have just released their first demo cassette. Titled **'A La Carte'**, it features the following track listing: **'Black Vomit', 'The Fish Joke Song', 'Powerpacked', 'The Fried Egg Sandwich Blooz', 'Slayin' The Prayin'' 'Paint Until You Faint'**, and **'The Emulsion Blues'** (a jam number) plus three live songs.

The tape comes complete with a booklet featuring a history of the band and a lyric sheet. Copies are available at a price of £1.75 (incl. p&p) from: **Mike Kraus, 18 Rossendale Close, Marske-By-The-Sea, Redcar, Cleveland TS11 6DT.**

Black Vömit's line-up is **Neil Fawcett** (guitar/lead vocals), **Mike 'Zäp' Kraus** (bass/vocals) and **Jabba Daar** (drums).

■ FOLLOWING a competition conducted by **MTV** in America to find a suitable monicker, **Sammy Hagar** has now titled his recent, until-now untitled solo album **'I Never Said Goodbye'.** This is available on the Geffen label.

■ UMIST STUDENTS UNION are holding a beer festival as part of their Rag Week plans during November, and are currently seeking local bands to perform during the event. Interestd parties should send a photo/biography/tape to: **Ade Brownlow, UMIST RAG, UMIST Union, PO Box 88, Manchester M60 1QD.**

■ **SPD PROMOTIONS** have now moved operations to a larger venue in the Catford area and will begin to stage regular shows on Friday nights from November. Any bands interested in appearing should send a tape/biography/photo to: **S. Pack, Promotions Manager, SPD Promotions, 33 Arran Rd., Catford, London SE6 2LT.**

■ AUSTRALIAN ROCKER **Jimmy Barnes** is to tour his native country later this year with a band that will include **Journey** guitarist **Neal Schon, Ted Nugent** guitarist/vocalist **Dave Amato,** former **Billy Squier** bassist **Kenny Aaronson** and ex/**Babys/Rod Stewart** drummer **Tony Brock.**

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■ *NEW JERSEY band **Mystery City** (above) will be releasing a two-track demo featuring the songs **'She'** and **'We Are One'** on October 31. This tape was recorded at Sanctuary studios in New Jersey and produced by guitarist **Shawn St. Lords**. The rest of the line-up is **Jon Black** (guitar), **Bobby Faith** (bass), **The Elf** (drums) and **Mark Synn** (lead vocals).*

■ BASSIST **DONNIE KISSELBACH**, who has appeared on both albums from **Fiona**, is currently workng with guitarist **Marty Druckman** and keyboardsman **Benjy King** on a number of tunes for a forthcoming feature-length video.

■ LONDON BAND **Rolette** have parted company with drummer **Matt Evans** due to 'musical differences'. **Carl 'Big Willy' Wilson** has been brought in as a temporary replacement, but the rest of the band (guitarist **Randy Sandwich**, bassist **Stevie Sausage** and lead vocalist **Donna Kebab**) are still searching for a permanent skinsman (preferably with a silly name!) and interested parties should contact Randy on: **01 681 4203**.

■ NORWICH BAND **Sittin' Pretty** have now changed their line-up to the following: **Richie Hill** (lead vocals – formerly with **The Angels**), **Alan Kulke** (lead guitar/backing vocals), **Andi Mackenzie** (drums/backing vocals) and **Jamie Durant** (bass/backing vocals).

The band will be recording new material at The Kitchen Studios in Norwich with engineer **Andy Swain** throughout October. They are currently seeking a guitarist/keyboards player and interested parties should call one of the following numbers: **0603 619550** or **0603 890862**.

■ MUSIC FOR NATIONS will issue the second album from Chicago band **Zoetrope**, **'A Life Of Crime'**, on October 19. Produced by **Randy Burns** and **Casey McMackin**, it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Detention'**, **'Seeking Asylum'**, **'Slut'**, **'Nasa'** and **'Unbridled'**.

Side Two: **'Prohibition'**, **'Company Man'**, **'Pick Pocket'** and **'Hard To Survive'**.

The LP features guest backing vocals from **Mentors** members **El Duce** and **Sickie Wifebeater**.

■ **THÖRDÄCH**, FROM Basingstoke, have recruited **Hank Thruster** (rhythm guitar) and **Psy Kotic** (bass) as replacements for the recently-departed **Sammy De Carrera** and **Russ Joint** respectively. The new boyz join **Johnny Vermin** (lead vocals), **Lance Vortex** (lead guitar) and **The Enigma** (drums).

The band will shortly begin work on an eight-track demo to be titled **'D-E-M-O-1987'**. The full track listing is: **'We Are Thördäch'**, **'Glam Bam Slam'**, **'Crazy Boys'**, **'Little Women'**, **'Thrash Me, Trash Me'**, **'Crazed By Love'**, **'Nightraid'** and **'Orgone Accumulator'** (a cover version of the **Hawkwind** number).

■ **TRIK BLUE**, from New Jersey, are currently working on their debut album with producer/engineer **Jim Barg**. The LP, as yet untitled, should be out next Spring and will include the following songs: **'Don't Take Your Love Away'**, **'Breakin' Out Of Love'**, **'Tryin' Too Hard'**, **'Rockin' At Midnite'** and **'Keep The Dream Burning'**.

The band's line-up is **Mario Frasca** (guitar), **Gordon Wilson** (lead vocals), **Dano Furente** (bass) and **Tommy Karrick** (drums/percussion).

■ ***SHOK PARIS**, a five-piece from Cleveland have signed a deal with IRS. The band's latest album, **'Steel And Starlight'**, has just been released in the US. Produced by **Denny Nowak** and **Bill Peters** at Beechwood Studios in Cleveland, it has the following track listing:*

*Side One: **'Go Down Fighting'**, **'Steel And Starlight'**, **'Tokyo Rose'**, **'Rocked Outta Love'** and **'Castle Walls'**.*

*Side Two: **'On Your Feet'**, **'Fallin' For You'**, **'Exhibit A'**, **'Lost Queen'** and **'Hot On Your Heels'**.*

*The band are pictured above (from left): **Jan Roll** (drums), **Ken Erb** (guitar), **Vic Hix** (lead vocals), **Eric Marderwald** (guitar) and **Kel Berkshire** (bass).*

■ A NEWLY formed, as yet unnamed, raunchy rock 'n' roll band in the Manchester are currently seeking a suitable lead vocalist. Interested parties should call either: **Chris (061 797 3600)** or **Pete (061 653 5927)**.

■ SCOTTISH HARD rock act **7 Samurai** are currently seeking a suitably 'hyperactive' lead vocalist to join drummer **Raymond Lafferty** (ex-**Holocaust/Hologram/Holohead**), guitarists **John McCullin/John Pollock** and bassist **Gordon Meechan**.

Interested parties should phone either: Lafferty **(031 337 1423)** or Meechan **(031 669 2579)**.

■ MILTON KEYNES band **Final Solution** have recruited keyboards player **John Partridge**. The new line-up hope to be recording in the near future.

■ **GYPSY** HAVE now relocated to Los Angeles. Anyone wishing to contact them should now write to: **7727 Lankershim Boulevard, N. Hollywood, California 91605, #272, USA**.

● **WHITE LIE**, a melodic hard rock band from Kingston, are currently seeking a suitable bassist. Interested parties should contact **Colin** on: **01 942 7838**. The band have just recruited drummer **Simon Elledge**.

■ **BLOOD MONEY** are presently seeking a drummer to replace the recently-departed **Brett Avok**. Interested parties should contact **Dale Lee** on: 061 681 0342.

■ STATEN ISLAND band **Savage Thrust** are currently seeking a suitable bassist. Interested parties should send a biography/tape/photo to: Savage Thrust, **PO Box 206, Staten Island, NY 10302, USA**. Tel: 0101 2718 981 0798.

The band are in process of recording their debut album and are influenced by the likes of **Black Sabbath** and **Slayer**.

■ **CHICHESTER-BASED** Thrash act **Kamikaze** are currently recording a demo titled **'Beasts From The Sea'**. However drummer **James Allchurch** and guitarist **Peter Davies** are still seeking a bassist, lead vocalist and lead guitarist to complete the line-up. Interested parties should call Davies on: **0243 603037**.

■ DRUMMER **PHIL JOHN** has left Welsh band **Preyer** and is seeking either to join or form a band in the **Judas Priest/Accept** mould. Interested parties should phone him on: **0639 52021** (between 10am and 4pm). Or: **0639 820516** (after 6pm).

■ **SHANGHAI**, a trio from New Jersey, are currently working on a three-track demo at The Barge Studios in New Jersey.

***WEO GORAN** (lead vocalist **Master Paul Groom** pictured above) play dates at Birmingham Kaleidoscope October 19, Cheltenham Brewery Tap November 6 (free admission to the latter).*

*The band's current four-track demo, **'Father Mother Son'**, is still available at a price of £2.50 (incl. p&p) in the UK/£3 (incl. p&p) overseas from: **16 Station Rd., Pershore, Worcestershire.** However this will be deleted on release of their latest demo, due to be issued on October 31.*

THE CULT have added the following dates to the previously announced one-off show at Wembley Arena on November 29. These are: Birmingham NEC Forum December 3, Manchester Apollo 4, Edinburgh Playhouse 5.

The band are currently recording with producer **Tom Werman** in Los Angeles and a new single should be released from these sessions before the end of the year.

THE ALARM follow up the release of their latest single **'Rain In The Summertime'** (issued by IRS) with the following Welsh dates: Gonseinon Pennyheol Leisure Centre November 16, Merthyr Tydfil Rhydycan Leisure Centre 17, Wormlow Tump Park Hall Ballroom 19, Pontrhydfendigaid Pavilion 20, Colwyn Bay Leisure Centre 21.

Tickets are priced at £5 in advance or £6 on the night.

RADIO MOSCOW will be appearing at Buckley Tivoli Ballroom October 22, Tipton Galaxy Theatre 23, Birkenhead Stairways 24, London Marquee Club 25, Birmingham Diamond Suite 26.

The band will be issuing a 12" four-track EP through Status Records on October 19, with distribution via RCA/Ariola.

BEKI & THE BOMBSHELLS and **JANITORS** join **Gaye Bykers On Acid** at Sheffield University Students Union on October 28.

VOW WOW play Sheffield University Students Union on November 18.

DRN play Coventry General Wolf October 23, Letchworth The Leys 24, Bristol Granary 25, Nottingham Mardi Gras 31, Brighton Killing Floor November 5, Eastbourne The Archery Tavern 6, Tonbridge Angel Centre 7, Chiddingfold The Club 13, Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk 21, Edinburgh The Venue 23, East Kilbride Bruce Hotel 25, Hammersmith Klub Foot 28.

MAMA'S BOYS play London Astoria Theatre on November 3.

CHARLIE MOUSE have re-arranged their proposed show at Birmingham Edwards No.8. This will now take place on November 22, instead of October 20.

WILD! play Ealing Town Hall October 30 (a charity show in aid of the **British Heart Foundation**. Tickets are priced at £3 and are available from the Ealing Music Centre and other outlets), Walthamstow Royal Standard November 3 (supporting **Phantasm**).

BUDGIE play Sheffield University Students Union on December 9.

MAD DOG play the following dates: Leeds Astoria October 17, Brighton Polytechnic 22, High Wycombe Nags Head 24, Gravesend Red Lion November 20, Upper Heyford Air Force Base 21, Nottingham Mardi Gras 27.

***MAMMOTH** (lead vocalist **Nicky Moore** above, right and bassist **John McCoy** above, left) will be appearing at Prestatyn Pontins Holiday Centre on November 6. This is part of Radio One's 20th anniversary celebrations and further information on this show is available on the following number: **0898 654318**.*

CHASAR will be appearing at Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk on October 17.

GIZMO have confirmed the following dates: Hersden Raggs Club October 30, Margate Saracens November 14, Cheriton White Lion 20, Whitstable Harbour Lights 26, Deal Landmark Centre 27.

MR. PRESIDENT, from Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, play a date at Newcastle-Upon-Tyne Edward's Bar on October 15.

The quartet, whose line-up is **Ainsley T. Wills** (guitar)/**Ritchie Bee** (lead vocals)/ **Bri Burton** (bass)/**Derek Dale** (drums), will shortly begin work on a demo tape.

KNIGHTHAWK play Greenwich Tunnel Club October 24, Brentwood Hermit Club November 20, Hendon Midland Scottish 21.

The four-piece are currently seeking suitable booking agency/management representation and interested parties should contact **Steve Chilvers** at the following address: **13 Oldwyck, Venge, Basildon, Essex SS16 4NU**.

LIGHTNING STRIKES play London Gossip's Club on October 13 (this is a fetish night so come suitably attired!)/ 27.

SOHO ROSES play London Gossip's Club on November 3.

GENERAL WOLF play Scarborough Stage Door on October 17.

DRESDEN STYLE, from the Isle Of Sheppey, play Sheerness East-Ender on October 31. This show will be videoed and all fancy-dressed punters are welcome.

Any parties interested in hiring the band should phone: **0795 660195**.

COBRA will be appearing at Wrexham Kings Arms October 15, Hebden Bridge Trades Club 16, Rawtenstall Queens Arms 17, Glasgow Shadows 22, Peebles Cross Keys 23, Dumfries Club 24, Falkirk Burns Bar 25.

The band have just recruited former **Witchhunt** drummer **Jason Lamb** and keyboardsman **Andy Hoyle**.

AVAIL play Edinburgh The Venue November 8, Aberdeen Dobbies 13-15.

LOVE AND ROCKETS, who have just issued a new single (**'The Light'/ 'Mirror People'**) on the Beggers Banquet label in seven inch/12" formats, play the following shows: Leeds Polytechnic October 13, Kentish Town Town & Country Club 15.

CINCINATTI play Sheffield University Students Union on December 2.

THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES play Harlesden The Mean Fiddler on October 25/26.

LISA DALBELLO, the Canadian songstress whose number **'Gonna Get Close to You'** was covered by **Queensrÿche** on their **'Rage For Order'** album, plays Harlesden The Mean Fiddler on October 31.

SHRAPNEL

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

***PASSION** (above) will be appearing at Nottingham Mardi Gras on October 22, with **Loco**. The band's line-up is **Steve Whetton** (lead vocals), **Darren Hough/Chris Vye** (lead guitar), **Glen Reeves** (bass) and **Steve Philpotts** (drums). They will be spending the next few months working on an album set for release during late Spring. Titled **'All This And Heaven'** the LP will feature the following tracks: **'From The Sky'**, **'On My Own'**, **'Forever (And A Day)'**, **'Broken Life'**, **'Young Love Dies'**, **'Walk In At Midnight'**, **'Lost My Desire'**, **'Hearts On Fire'**, **'Inside Out'** and **'All This And Heaven'**.*

***DANGEROUS TOYS** (above) will be appearing at London New Merlin's Cave on October 21.*

*The band's line-up is **Gerry Lyons** (lead vocals), **Pip Phil** (bass), **Dave Veal** (guitar) and **Andy Hackett** (drums – he recently replaced **Blitz Colin**).*

***THE GRIP** (above) play Eastbourne The Archery Tavern on October 17.*

***MEANSTREAK** (above), a four-piece from Bradford, will be appearing at Bradford Queens Hall October 17, Halifax Hamilton Rockshed 22, Leeds Woodkirk Leisure Centre 23, Birmingham Edwards No. 8 30 (supporting **Wrathchild**).*

BANDITS, from Leeds, play dates at Wakefield The Ship November 5, Wakefield Little Bull 6, Wakefield Black Swan 7, Lupset The Loose Box Night Club 12, Horbury Cherry Tree 13.

The band's line-up is **Jase** (guitar/vocals), **Steve 'Howler' Downing** (lead vocals), **Holly Holbrook** (guitar), **Nick Hince** (bass – ex-**Amazon**), **Dave Taylor** (drums) and **Paul Thewlis** (keyboards). They also have backing singers called the **Bandeetas**.

BERT, from Bonnyrigg, play Bonnyrigg The Auld Chase on October 16.

The band intend to record a single, **'The Difference That It Makes'/'A Single Red Rolls'**, on October 24 at Energy Studios in Edinburgh. As yet, though, there is no news on a release date. Their line-up is **George Houliston** (bass/vocals), **Harry Williamson** (guitar/vocals), **Matthew Blair** (guitar/vocals) and **Grant Brown** (drums).

PARADISE LOST, from Bristol, play Bristol The Crown on October 23.

PERJURY, REAL MOLESWORTH DIRT, AXE GRINDER, DT WARRIORS and **MULCH** play Dover St. Johns Ambulance Hall on October 24. Tickets are priced at £1.50.

THE WATCHMEN will be appearing at Leigh-On-Sea Grand Hotel on October 16. Admission is free.

WIDOW, from the Midlands, play Telford Baron's on October 22.

■ **SWEDISH BAND Öriön,** who intend to change their name shortly, have recruited vocalist **Sophia Erixon** and bassist **Michael Edvin** as replacements for the recently departed **Bengt Tollemarc** and **Marthin Andree.**

The new members join **Thomas Ståhl/Andy Q** (guitar) and **Shyaine** (drums).

■ JASINKI'S NIGHT CLUB in Evesham are holding an 'Alternative Disco' and 'Video Massacre' on October 14. Tickets are priced at £1.50 (students and UB40 card holders will be charged £1) and the event will run from 9pm until 1am.

The show will feature new releases and album tracks plus a number of video clips, including **Wrathchild's** performance on 'The Tube'.

It's hoped that this event will become a regular fortnightly occurrence, with two bands performing live once a month.

■ THE SECOND edition of *Elemental Child* fanzine is now available at a price of £1.75 (incl. p&p) from: **Visions, PO Box 772, London SE1 OSP.** Please make all cheques/POs payable to **'Visions'.**

Elemental Child is devoted to the late **Marc Bolan** and all proceeds from the second issue will be donated to the **Children In Need** charity.

■ THE FIRST edition of *Morbid* fanzine is now available at a price of £2/$3/6 DM (incl. p&p) from: **Ronny Eide, Olsvikstallen 17, 5079 Olsvik, Norway.**

This issue features bands such as **Assassin, Angel Of Death, Pedifile, Wehrmacht, Sabbat** and **Vacant Grave.**

■ A NEW 'Gutter Rock' band has just been formed in the Essex area called **Toad.** The group's line-up is **Captain DO Chaos** (lead vocals), **Enoch Toad Stringbraker II** (rhythm guitar), **Jack Black** (lead guitar), **Rix Stix** (drums) and **Mac Black** (bass).

■ SWEDISH ACT **Rescue** have just begun work on a demo titled **'Pray That The Night Never Ends'.** This should be released by the end of October. Further details can be obtained by writing to: **One-On-One, Vegagatan 21, S-646 00 Mellerud, Sweden.**

The band's line-up is **Uli Seppänen** (lead guitar), **Matthew Wellhag** (lead vocals), **Steve Vetinte** (guitar) and **Nick Edvin** (bass).

■ ARENA RECORDS have just issued the self-titled debut EP from New Jersey band **Harter Attack.** Produced by **Bill Berends** with the band, it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Face The Danger'** and **'Masters Of Deception'.**

Side Two: **'Johnny (The Ignorant Breed)'** and **'Children Of The Night'.**

The band's line-up is **Rich Harter** (lead vocals/rhythm guitar), **John Cittrick** (lead guitar), **Kip Leming** (bass) and **Tom Jarzyk** (drums).

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NEWPORT CENTRE
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MARILLION

Foo-Gah-Zey!

Disastrous gigs in New York supporting Rush . . . fire extinguisher frenzy in Germany . . . continuing problems with drummers . . . the 'Punch And Judy' 45 cracks the Top 30 . . . but the 'Fugazi' album is nowhere to be seen! All this and more comin' your way in the final excerpt from 'Market Square Heroes – The Story Of MARILLION', the authorised biography of the band by MICK WALL

MARILLION AT the start of the 'Clutching At Straws' tour, 1987

SEPTEMBER 1983 was another busy month for Marillion. Having grabbed all the best headlines that followed their triumphant appearance at the Reading Festival, the band felt bold enough to accept an offer from Canadian mega-stars Rush to open the show for them over five consecutive nights at the Radio City Music Hall, in New York, later that month.

Despite the bitter disappointment of their first visit to America just two months before, John Arnison (band manager) and the band both felt that the prospect of five big nights in the Bad Apple playing to guaranteed sell-out houses of over 6000 people a night was simply too good to refuse. These dates in New York, they decided, might provide the perfect short, sharp shock Marillion still needed to help launch their name in America.

"The day we arrived in New York we really thought we were in for a great week ahead of us with Rush," says Steve Rothery (guitarist). "All of their people – their crew, engineers and managers – seemed to be as up for it as we were, and everybody was looking forward quite confidently to some good shows."

"But then when we turned up for our soundcheck, the night of the first gig, we started having horrendous problems almost immediately." Pete Trewavas (bass) takes up the story. "For a start we had to deal with the Rush crew, who with one or two exceptions were quite kind to us, but then we also had to work with the in-house Radio City crew, which was a complete nightmare!

"They've got about four separate unions, all with 101 different rules designed for no apparent purpose other than to drive the support band round the bend," Pete goes on.

To add that extra Kafkaesque edge to their mounting frustrations, at the same time every night, five minutes or so before the band went on stage, one of the Radio City technicians would arrive in the Marillion dressing room with the news that the on-stage monitors were 'inexplicably' refusing to work properly; two-thirds of their on-stage sound would be lost to them, and what remained would be buried in an ear-piercing whine that screamed from one of the recalcitrant monitors.

"It would get sorted out eventually, about halfway through the set, by which time we'd lost it anyway," says Steve Rothery. It was obvious that things were going on behind our backs to ensure that we didn't get an easy ride of it. I don't mean the Rush guys, particularly, mostly they were fine. I mean the in-house Radio City guys: they seemed to assume that wrecking the support band's plans was all part of their job.

"For instance, whoever was responsible for putting on the tape they used to play before we came on every night must have been a real joker – every bloody night he always managed to make the last song but one before we went on either a Genesis track or a Peter Gabriel track!

"Every single night," he smiles and grits his teeth, "it was so predictable you could almost set your watch by it – like, five minutes to go and . . . Cue on-stage monitor break-down! Cue Genesis track! Cue Marillion, and then, cue large amounts of booing and objects being thrown at the stage! I couldn't believe it! It was *horrendous*."

The first night it happened, the booing, the cat-calls, the 'f**k you' fingers, and the cries of "Go home to England, man!", hit Marillion like a ton of bricks.

Dispirited by the awful response they were getting, and with the odds against a recovery stacked as high as the resident Radio City Hall crew could make them, the band passed the week in New York together in a slow, dizzy fit of drinking and partying.

"We would have gone off our heads if we'd sat around brooding about what a mess the shows with Rush were," says Fish. "So we decided to take the bull by the horns and really *do* New York in classic after-midnight style! Don't forget that our only previous time in America we'd been travelling hundreds of miles most days with a mad-hatter drummer (Andy Ward) to watch out for, so we'd never really had a chance to investigate the place before. If anything, we were still suffering from culture-shock, and that week in New York was a mixture of turning up for the gig every night, *knowing* we were going to get yelled at and abused, and then spending the rest of the night getting totally wasted in some typically seedy New York hang-out.

"I remember though that we were still only getting something like £70 a week wages and about £10 per day on-the-road living expenses, which when converted into dollars equalled not very much at all. So we used to put all our expenses money together and when the pot money ran out we used to sell our complimentary guest tickets for the show outside the hall!

"I couldn't stay off the streets," he says. "Except for when I went into a bar or a club, I spent the rest of the time pounding the streets, taking it all in, the real New York City street like. I rode the subway, walked around Central Park at two in the morning, just getting into it. Because, you know, really the shows with Rush were going so terribly I didn't know when we might ever come back to New York again.

"New York is supposed to be a very dangerous place to go out and do any of those things, but I just used to brazen it, like I knew all about the place, and nobody bothered me. In fact, I remember going to do this photo-session on my own and walking back to the hotel quite late at night, through this really tough part of the city, about twelve blocks of pimps, hustlers, junkies, a lot of young gangs flitting about in twos and threes. But I had no money on me for a taxi, so there was nothing for it but to walk.

"I was walking down this one particularly bombed-out street, God knows where I was exactly,

KONTINUEZ OVER

MARILLION

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

and I had the army helmet I used to wear on 'Forgotten Sons' slung over my shoulder, a big combat jacket and trousers on, big Doc Marten boots, and I still had some of last night's make-up smeared over my face, and a big black sweatband pulled back tight across my forehead – six-and-a-half foot of nervous weird-looking Scotsman pounding down the street in the dead of night!" he chuckles. "And everybody just *scattered* from my path! They couldn't get out of my way fast enough! I must have been the weirdest motherf**ker they'd seen on the street that night!"

MARILLION RETURNED to London to the more work-conscious surrounds of Nomis Rehearsal Studios, where they begun work on some of the new material that would surface six months later on the band's second EMI album, 'Fugazi'.

Sessionman John Marter, who had faithfully seen the band through Reading, the re-recording of the 'Market Square Heroes', sessions, and the snake-pit of the Radio City Hall shows with Rush, originally returned with Marillion to Nomis, but by the end of the first week had been told in no uncertain terms that his services were no longer required. Fish, who never rated John Marter from the beginning, was the one to give him the news.

"He was quite callous about it," says Mark Kelly (keyboards). "I remember we'd been invited over to do a gig in West Germany by a German radio programme which was going to broadcast the concert live. So we started talking about rehearsing a set. But most of the band had already decided that the time had come to get someone in a bit better suited to the band's music than John.

Fish turned around and said to John Marter, 'You know we've got this gig in Germany coming up? Well, don't worry about making arrangements to go because we won't be needing you for this one. In fact, we won't be needing you at all any more.'"

"He struck me as too much of a bullshitter," says Fish. "And he wasn't percussive enough for the band. The time had come for him to go."

In his place, John Arnison contacted a young American drummer he and the band had been introduced to in New York called Jonathan Mover.

The concert, broadcast live from a small but packed concert hall in Kassel, was, in fact, to be Jonathan Mover's one and only live performance with Marillion.

The show itself was only the band's second gig in Germany, and the first time they had been asked to headline, but already they were beginning to witness the origins of a wild and loyal following that would one day outnumber even the hardcore British-based fans.

"I couldn't believe it! Jonathan Mover was the fourth drummer they'd sacked in seven months! I thought next I'd have to start putting the bloody drum machine on wages!" – JOHN ARNISON (MARILLION MANAGER)

In typically comprehensive and methodical fashion, Mover he provided a solid, immovable force from which the band launched into a performance that shifted breathlessly from the spine-tingling other-worldly scenes of another 'Chelsea Monday', to the searing powerchords that lashed like fists into the drunken Teutonic rhythms of the dark-eyed 'Assassing'.

At the end of the night, cloaked again in the applause and cries for more they had grown accustomed to at home in England, the lingering doubts and depressions they came home with from those twisted shows with Rush had at last been exorcised. The band marked the occasion by celebrating in truly monumental Marillion style with a room-to-room party back at their hotel.

TO THIS day nobody quite remembers the correct order of events that night, but everybody seems to agree that the party got started in the hotel bar.

"Everybody was feeling good about the band again," says Pete Trewavas. "So there we were, sort of all slapping each other on the back and knocking back the drinks," he chuckles. "And that went on for a couple of hours and then I went up to my room to take a shower."

"In fact, everybody sort of disappeared to their rooms for half an hour," says Mark Kelly. "And the next thing I remember is Steve knocking on my door and when I opened it, it was like WHOOOSSSHHH!! I got hit full-on by this big jet of fire-extinguisher foam, which sort of *exploded* through the door and knocked me into a backwards somersault over the bed! And then Jonathan, who was in the room with me, got hit by it and he collapsed, and the whole room was absolutely smothered!"

The only problem was that the German variety of foam the hotel stocked contained an asbestos-based powder so fine it would poison the air at once and make it almost impossible to breathe.

"Everything escalated really quickly into a battle and about five or six of these bloody fire-extinguishers went off in the space of about five minutes, with all of us going mad and chasing each other down the corridor," says Fish, laughing at the memory. "And then within *seconds* we were all f**king falling over and choking to death! It was like, *'Somebody open a f**king window or I'm gonna die!!'*"

When enough windows had been opened and the toxic clouds of asbestos fumes were sucked out into the night air, everybody lay back coughing and laughing.

"We thought that was the end of it," says Pete Trewavas. "And then the next thing I know I open my door and there's all these policemen in the hall, and hotel managers, and people running around with fire helmets on."

The reception staff had immediately assumed that the hotel was on fire and wasted no time in telephoning for the local fire brigade and an ambulance, which in turn meant a routine visit from the police. When they arrived, the hotel was already in the throes of evacuating guests and staff from the hotel.

"It was horrendous, of course, but at the same time it *was* very funny," smiles Mark Kelly.

The upshot of Marillion's clash with the police was that the hotel management threatened to press charges and have the whole band and their crew arrested and thrown in gaol unless John coughed up enough money to cover the cost of all likely damages incurred by the hotel and its guests.

MARILLION RETURNED, somewhat scathed financially from their brief but licentious flying visit to Germany, but with all their rediscovered high spirits still splendidly intact, and set to work again on writing new material for the next album.

By the beginning of November, tucked away once again in the shielding, countrified seclusion of the Old Mill House in Monmouth, the band had applied a lot of the finishing touches to 'Assassing' and had finished writing the music to Fish's 'Punch and Judy' saga. Work proceeded at a steady rate, but still the spectre of Mick Pointer (former drummer) would not let them alone. In Fish's own words, "We had never really laid that ghost to rest, and I wasn't happy anymore with having a guy in the band, no matter how good he was technically, that wasn't really one of *us*."

"Everybody says that the real reason I didn't like Jonathan was because he was young and good-looking and had lots of hair," says Fish. "And of course, it was all true!" he laughs.

"No, seriously, the reason I couldn't get on with Jonathan was simply that he was so boring! And of course he *was* American, *and* he didn't drink – neither of which were exactly *crimes* in my book back then, but they both definitely counted as black marks against him. You have to remember, I was much less a man of the world in those days," he jokes, showing his teeth in a long crocodile smile.

"We had *nothing* in common! There had to be another drummer in the whole wide world I could sit in the same room as for longer than ten minutes without wanting to crawl the walls! There just *had* to be."

John Arnison, who had been snatching a few days' holiday, returned home to find Jonathan Mover packing his bags and the rest of the band struggling indifferently through rehearsals with the aid of a drum-machine.

"I couldn't believe it!" cried John. "Mover was the fourth drummer they'd sacked in seven months! I thought next I'd have to start putting the bloody drum-machine on wages!"

IN NOVEMBER 1983, Ian Mosley had already expressed an interest in auditioning for Marillion before Jonathan Mover had arrived on the scene. "I was gonna call him back but the band got Jonathan in so fast there wasn't any point," says John Arnison. "And then when Mover was fired, Ian was the only person I could think of that might still be available that the band hadn't already seen – or seen, hired, and then sacked!" he remarks dryly.

Originally taken on as a sessionman, the experienced new drummer fitted quickly and easily into the fold.

"We all took to Ian straight away," says Fish. "Not only was he probably the best all-round drummer and percussionist we'd ever played with, he was also a brilliant guy! His sense of humour was very low-key, but always very crafty, and it always really hit the nerve."

"Musically, Ian really pulled the band together," says Pete Trewavas. "And in various ways I think we all learned something from Ian about how to play our own music. He was one hundred per cent professional, and I had to really pull my socks up to keep up with a lot of the stuff he was capable of playing."

"But it wasn't deliberately flash and self-indulgent in the way Jonathan might have done certain things," Mark Kelly points out. "Ian was much more subtle, much more cutting."

The last three weeks Marillion spent in Monmouth,

KONTINUEZ PAGE 44

A return to kaftans and loonpants

Marillion
Marquee

MARILLION (NOW there's an original name) hail from Aylesbury and have been regularly playing SRO (sold right out) showcase gigs at the legendary Friars boozer, which believe it or not is in Aylesbury.

Marillion recently took London by storm, and gave Aerosmith rip-off merchants Girl a bit of a scare. It's not often a support act gets an encore at the Marquee, although to be fair to Girl Marillion had brought down rather a large contingent of ageing hippy 'eadbangers. No denim and leather here mate, more like kaftans and loonpants.

A trip back to the mid seventies maybe, but at least Marillion aren't jumping on the NWOBHM bandwagon. Instead they're more at home borrowing licks from the old school of Genesis, Styx, Yes, Canuck rockers Zon, and wait for it Trillion, just a few names that spring to mind.

Onstage Marillion come across very bizarre, not dissimilar to Agony Bag. Whatever happened to them? Lead singer Fish, a rather tall and mysterious Scot, stalks around the stage in jerky movements and at times reminded me of Gene Simmons, although Fish's make-up coulda been more outrageous.

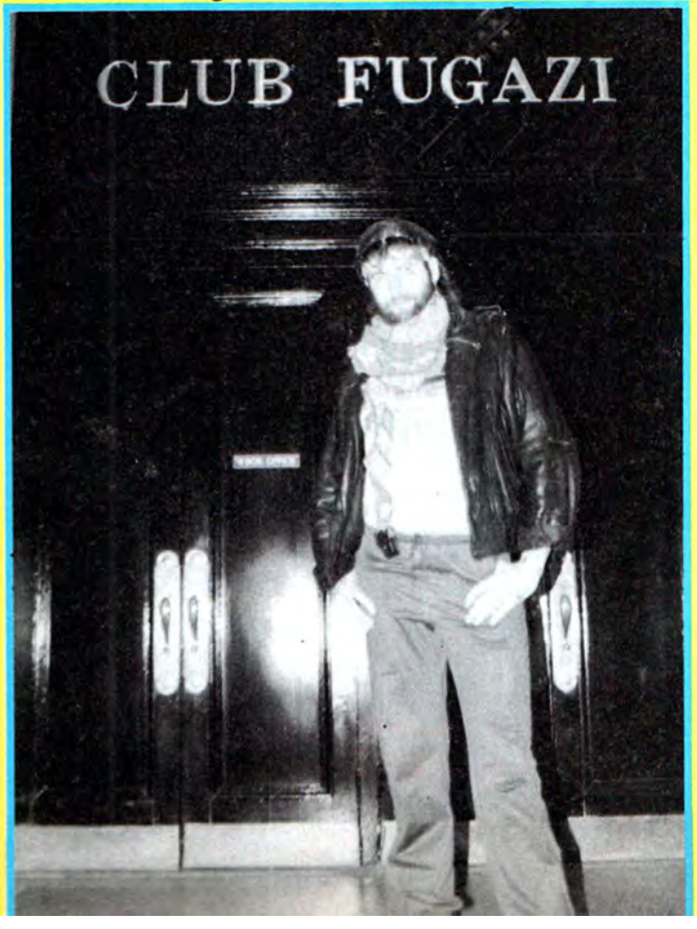
The rest of the band look like some weird religious sect, wearing what looked like old potato sacks, each one with a bright coloured eye painted on the back, giving that mythical look. Perhaps the Band have been reading too many Stephen King novels.

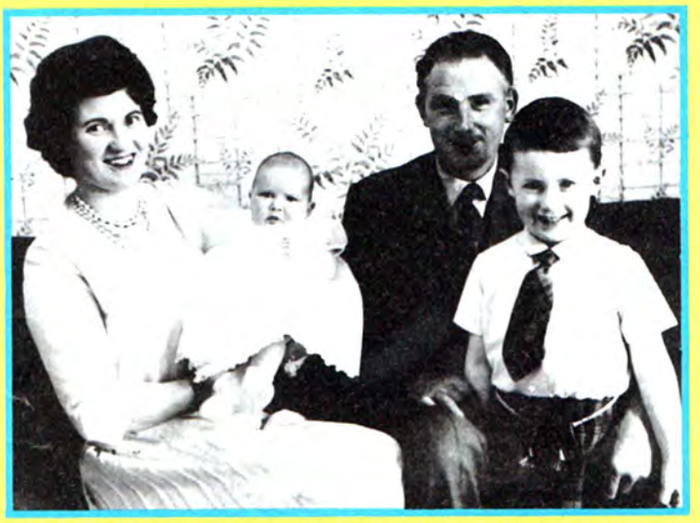
Marillion have a very tight sound. Songs like 'He Knows You Know', 'Garden Party' and 'Charting The Single' are all long workouts, well crafted, not too much guitar, and synthesizer drifting in and out. Fronting this rather complicated sound is Fish, who does have a good voice, and sings pretty off the wall lyrics. So what a surprise when they encored with an old Scottish jig classic, 'Loch Lomond', a real show stopper.

The sooner Marillion get signed the better. Now if someone could tell me what the big eye on the back of those potato sacks means, I'll join the sect.

XAVIER RUSSELL.

MARILLION'S FIRST- ever national music paper review
FISH AT the Club Fugazi, San Francisco, 1986





FROM THE ARCHIVES: Derek Dick, aged five, with his family

PETE TREWAVAS getting in some early practice
STEVE ROTHERY with feathered friend

MARILLION

FROM PAGE 42

piecing together the threads of their new songs with Ian Mosley, there was a new atmosphere at work. Scorching new numbers like 'Incubus', 'She Chameleon', and the outlandish title track, 'Fugazi', were slowly taking shape, and the band, Fish in particular, relaxed into the task that lay ahead with a fresh confidence Mosley's avuncular presence as the man with the magic rhythm-stick only served to reinforce.

"After Ian started working with us in Monmouth everything seemed to start clicking in the band again," says Fish. "We were all in high spirits again and getting ready to knock 'em dead with the next album," he smiles. "And we had a quite a few memorable nights: the music was really starting to come together and we started to relax and enjoy ourselves.

MARILLION'S SECOND album for EMI was to be called 'Fugazi': a slang term invented by American soldiers in Vietnam to describe their predicament all too often in the war – specifically, it translated as 'all f**ked up'.

After 14 weeks of intensive around-the-clock operations in over half-a-dozen different studios in and around London, the album had already cost nearly £150,000 and Marillion were still nowhere near finishing the most expensive and foolhardy album of the band's young career.

"We wasted so much time right at the beginning, it was untrue," says Pete Trewavas. "Getting up in the middle of the afternoon, and then working for a few hours on the backing tracks, and then we'd go off down the pub at night and get plastered and start all over again with the same thing the next day."

For the band, time had already run out. Nobody had really anticipated 'Fugazi' taking so long to make, and originally EMI and John Arnison had agreed that the album should be released by the end of February, would be preceded by a single, and accompanied, throughout February and the first half of March, by a 21-date UK tour already arranged.

'Punch and Judy', the fourth Marillion single, was released on January 30, 1984, nine days before the band's second big headlining tour of the UK began. The week that followed its release passed by in a blur of sudden TV engagements squeezed between frantic sleepless nights of last-minute recording and mixing in the studios with their increasingly bamboozled producer, Nick Tauber.

Four days after its release, the new UK Top 40 Singles Chart was broadcast on Radio One – and pow! 'Punch and Judy' had shot straight into the charts at 27! The band were well pleased, only this time nobody was in a hurry to reach for the champagne: they didn't have time, says Fish.

"'Punch and Judy' hit the Top 30 just as we were in the middle of an insane 72-hour no-sleep cycle in the recording studio," he grimaces. "And we got offered spots on three different TV shows all in one week, and while all this was going on we were trying to get the album finished *and* get ready for our most important tour yet! Honestly, we looked like walking disaster areas when we finally climbed into the van and set off for the first gig in Hanley."

Leaving Nick Tauber to stew in his own juices in the studio as he feverishly attempted to claw back some of his lost credibility and complete the final mix in time for a projected March release schedule, Marillion were forced in the meantime to embark on their latest British tour with no new album in the shops for the fans to buy, and a single that, despite all the TV and radio exposure, had still managed to drop a crucial notch in the UK charts only a week after it had first made its mark.

"Actually, looking back on it now," Mark Kelly observes, "I think we should be glad 'Punch and Judy' did as well as it did. The truth is, it wasn't really the right choice as the first single from the album. It was a good song, and a great number to play live sometimes, just not a terribly commercial choice as a single."

Album or no album, live, Marillion were still one of Britain's fastest growing, hottest-ticket-in-town draws on the major concert-hall circuit, and with the dearth of new material on sale a lot of the newer fans were starting to buy the first album, unexpectedly hoisting *'Script . . .'* back into the UK Top 40 as a result.

"Every cloud has its silver lining, I suppose," Pete Trewavas smiles. "I mean, obviously we didn't plan it to happen if we went out on the road without a new album in the shops to promote. And then the first album started selling really well again and the most ironical part of all was that it looked like it might go gold as a result!

By the end of the 'Fugazi' tour the new album hadn't come out and we were about to top 100,000 sales for 'Script . . .'. We didn't know whether to laugh or cry, really."

Extracts from 'Market Square Heroes' *the authorised story of Marillion by Mick Wall, published by Sidgwick & Jackson on November 5th, at £8.95.*

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KONCERTZ

ROTTEN ROLL OVER

Pic George Chin

DRI: plunged through more than 30 numbers

DRI/HOLY TERROR/NAPALM DEATH
Clarendon, Hammersmith

AFTER THE disappointment of Suicidal Tendencies (so much for the touted kings of US Skatecore) and the farcical Death Angel gig (not their fault though – you can only do so much with a live sound that had all the crystal clarity of a Sodom bootleg) I was in desperate need of a good Clarendon show to restore my faith in the genre's ability to cut it on the sweaty club scale.

But, bless 'em, DRI, Holy Terror and Napalm Death didn't let me down, each delivering a blisteringly powerful set in their highly individual styles, proving just how musically variable bands like these can actually be.

Napalm Death from Birmingham opened the show – although a certain other glossy Metal magazine reckoned Warfare would be doing the honours and, I must confess, it wasn't immediately apparent just why more than 4000 people found it necessary to rush out and buy their hilariously brilliant 'Scum' LP.

Arriving late – a mix-up with my ticket arrangements, resulting in me wasting an extra fiver – I missed three entire songs just walking up the stairs.

"Too slow!" baited one wag.

"Too long!" shouted another.

Indeed, so fast and snappy were the songs that the gaps between each one were actually longer than the song itself (although the protracted silence was actually caused by the band members teaching the next song to Shane from Unseen Terror, their stand-in bassist for the evening) and the majority of them were over in the time it took most would-be stage-divers to clamber up the North face of the PA, leaving many a Thrasher standing atop the stack, embarrassingly awaiting the start of the next song in order to complete his graceless belly-flop onto the waiting audience.

But, despite the fact that I hardly recognised a single Napalm Death song all night, it must be said that they are a damn fine band – vocalist Lee's unintelligible growls aside – who are sadly in danger of becoming a joke.

In contrast to Napalm Death, Holy Terror's studio track record is less exalted. A demo that, whilst being promising, wasn't really becoming a band with a history that stretches through respected outfits like Agent Steel, Dark Angel, Thrust and Black Widow, and an album ('Terror And Submission' on Under One Flag) that, whilst being a solid enough Thrash release, was never gonna set the world afire.

But put Holy Terror on a stage and it's like putting 10,000 volts through a Conservative Peer. Keith Deen, hair matted to his face after just one song, was magnificent. Shrieking, screaming and yelling from the depths of his lungs, the man gave it all, fighting the good fight against an over-generous bottom-ended sound and the ceaseless riffing of Messrs. Kilfelt and Alvord. In fact, the Holy Terror transformation from a polite well-mannered studio band that any mother would have been proud to have reared to the deranged Metallic Thrashing noise that manifested itself on the Clarendon stage, is nothing short of miraculous.

But they were far from an unholy racket. Underneath all the blare and bluster is a very talented band just itching to get out. Their songs are neither simple nor complex, are all just that right Thrashin' length and are accented with plenty of useful guitar work.

The tunes from their album, limp and placid on vinyl, took on a whole new lease of life live, and new songs from their forthcoming album – like the anti-religious 'Christian Resistance' – were very tasty indeed.

The arrival of headliners DRI (or Dirty Rotten Imbeciles to their friends) in this country has been a long-awaited event. For the current dahlings of Hardcore circles – although the band deem themselves to be 'Crossover' – the Hammersmith date represented the last on the short UK leg of their European tour. And thankfully the wait was, for a change, worthwhile.

Kicking off with 'Five Year Plan' and plunging through more than 30 numbers culled from their triple brace of albums, the differences between the material from the newish 'Crossover' offering and their debut and 'Dealing With It' albums were very noticeable. Whilst the earlier songs were short (indeed 'Dealing With It' has twice as many songs as 'Crossover'), sharp and intensely pointed, revelling in their Punk origins, the 'Crossover' material was far harder, more about thoughtful structures, and generally less reliant on those speed-crazed rhythms.

Wildly different to the lacklustre Suicidals' set here a few months back, DRI were very professional (in Hardcore terms), the sparse raps coming naturally, the band looking at ease, the sound overly loud yet still controllable and any gaps between the songs kept to a bare minimum.

"Here's some stuff off our first album, arranged into a short medley to see if you can recognise any of them," announced vocalist Kurt Brecht.

I didn't, but judging by the hoots of approval and the redoubled stage-diving activities (made easier, for a change, by the far more relaxed and understanding security), a good half of the audience did. And somehow band and audience alike seemed more comfortable with the old songs.

Yet although Hardcore purists unhappy with DRI's recent Metallic leanings would possibly disagree, I found the band at the very peak of their abilities, successfully meshing old and new, Punk and Metal, into a set that, quite frankly, was one of the best I've seen all year.

PAUL MILLER

TIGERTAILZ
Marquee, London

TIGERTAILZ ARE that most rare of creatures, a genuinely talented Brit Metal band.

Tigertailz' major-league potential has now been confirmed and consolidated by their hitchin' up with mighty Music For Nations. The resultant infusion of cash has been put to immediate use, with the boyzzz treating themselves to a ten litre extra-strength bottle of peroxide, blond barnets now standing more proud and erect than anything Poison or the Mötleys can ever hope to muster (meaning hairdos, of course!). Not to be outdone, non-blond guitarist Jay Pepper has purchased the latest Vinnie Vincent hairpiece set, suitable for both head and chest, and immensely fetching to boot.

Enough feckless fashion and onto the low-down on the show-down. Tonight's priceless performance imprinted one blatant truism on my singed mind. Tigertailz are not equal to Kalifornian based kuties like Poison and Pussycat. Hell, no, our guys are BETTER, Goddammit!!!

For starters they've successfully mastered the time-honoured, spinnin' top whizz-bang West Coast choreography, with all band members pirouetting themselves into the floorboards. I got a severe case of the vapours trying to keep up with 'em. Equally amazing was the fact that despite careering about the stage like completely demented lunatics Jay and Pepsi managed to avoid any serious head-on collisions.

The Tigertailz set has been lovingly moulded into and intelligently paced hour long *tour de force*, delivered with such slap-happy enthusiasm it's impossible not to be delighted by the experience. However, the extended instrumental showcase which featured both a lethal drum solo from Ace Finchum, plus an axe-murdering interlude from Jay Pepper, was a trifle over-long for a Marquee set. The same can be said for Jaimz' long-winded rap about his 'favourite hobby', (clue: it begins with 'F' . . . and no, it ain't fondue-making . . .).

Still, a spectacular show means nothing without equally spectacular songs, and happily Tigertailz have infectious little ditties oozing from every over-used orifice.

They may be glamsters, but there's nowt pretty about these tunes, no sir! Aggressive, snappy little fellas that hang by their nasty teeth to the coat tails of yer consciousness, proving alarmingly hard to shift. My fave of the moment is 'Hollywood Killer' – awesome roar power with a bubbling, ingeniously electric chorus. The evening's two cover songs (somewhat of a tradition at T T gigs) were inspired choices. Firstly a cracking rendition of Cheap Trick's 'I Want You To Want Me', which just has to be released as a single, and then at encore time, a furious rampage through da Crüe classic 'Live Wire' which even had the previously reticent audience singing along. Sheer animal magic .

MAURA SUTTON

NEW MODEL ARMY/ VOODOO CHILD
Bradford, St. George's Hall

IF THERE was one place on earth where everybody should see New Model Army then it would have to be Bradford. Bradford is where The Army hail from, it's where a large proportion of their hugely loyal following live, it's a town which holds a good deal of sway over their bitter yet brave working man's lyrics.

Yeah, Bradford *is* buzzing away with Army activities but the following's usually boisterous antics are kinda calmer all 'round. Then again I'm surprised that the whole bloody lot of us weren't comatose after Voodoo Child's opening set!

Voodoo Child are *not* influenced by Hendrix as I once thought – they want to *be* Hendrix! There's a mad druid on the bass, a feeble attempt at Mitch Mitchell on drums and a complete prat on guitar and vocals.

The man takes the stage in floppy Sixties hat with ribbon attached, paisley style jacket etc etc. He's of the same hue as Hendrix (did he see a skin specialist?), has the same moustache, the same gesticulations, the same singing style, the same wildly wah-wahed guitar sound and playing style too. In short, he's totally ridiculous, a good guitarist without a single original notion in his head!

The Army got down to business with a thundering 'My Country'. It was all anger and emotion that lost out because Moose's bass was blasting to the point where all guitar was hopelessly lost. Still, undeterred, the band blasted into the old classics 'Lights Go Out' and 'Notice Me', and as the tunes rained down the sound made some improvement and we were on our way.

New songs such as 'Chinese Whispers', the new single 'White Coats' and 'The Charge' don't veer too drastically from the tried 'n' tested NMA path, but I have a sneaking suspicion that they won't stand up alongside old classics such as 'No Rest' and encore 'Betcha'.

Yet there are far too many great tunes such as 'The Hunt' and '51st State' around to suggest that it's all over for The Army or that I didn't enjoy the gig. I certainly did, and the addition of a second guitarist appealed to my rockist tendencies mightily. I just hope that a great band such as New Model Army isn't running out of things to say or people to say it to!

HOWARD JOHNSON

FULL MOON
Royal Standard, Walthamstow

PSYCHEDELIA IS a musical style that 15 years ago would have been called 'Progressive' and, strangely, often still is!

A colourful pair of patchwork strides, navel-length hair flanking a pair of dainty shades, hunches over its guitar – Gray Walker pours out a steady stream of rather dull chords. The lacy black skirt, a delicate looking little thing called Angie Walker, stands completely motionless behind a bass save for the necessary finger movements. The blonde hair drummed. The shirt with the frilly front and cuffs regularly runs a hand through its hair as part of a credible impersonation of the Cult's Ian Astbury, whilst lines and licks from the lead guitar become clogged together into a sticky mess due to choking amounts of flanging and other foot-pedal effects.

The energetic 'Glasgow', the second song to ride along on the 'whooshing' kind of sound that whooshed its way through Hawkwind's 'Silver Machine', 'Euphoric Dance' and ' . . . the single . . . ' (whose title wasn't given) were received politely by an audience of 20 (including roadies and other hangers-on). But it left the reviewer, miffed at having to pay to gain entrance to the 'time machine', decidedly unimpressed by what was akin to a rather unpleasant flashback that featured an inadequate and less than authentic soundtrack.

A girl wearing a flowing, purple skirt drifted past me on her way to the bar, the sweeet smell of patchouli hanging heavily in her slip-stream triggering yet more blurred (thankfully) mental images of Hawkwind and Steve Hillage, Afghan coats, crushed velvet flares and a misspent youth – things that are best forgotten!

PAUL HENDERSON

MARINO AND THE AFTER FOREVER BAND
Town Hall, Stourbridge

SONGS. JUST sets of chords; like empty glasses waiting to be filled. Sometimes with noise, and that excites me. Sometimes with technique, and that impresses me. And sometimes, rarely, with soul, and that touches me.

Clapton said more to me in two notes than Van Halen has in all his many thousand. Santana offers more in one solo than Malmsteen will in a lifetime. And although Marino is not yet in such elitist company, the seeds are there and ready to grow.

Marino's style is fluid and fluent; soulful during 'The Fisherman', violent and percussive during 'El Salvador', and flowing through 'Borderline'.

The stark romance of Dylan's 'All Along The Watchtower' was drawn across jagged edges of a screaming guitar, while Santana's 'Evil Ways' was slowed, languidly dosed up on fags and blues.

But next to such atmosphere, the basic rock of 'Suzie Don't Rock 'n' Roll' is heavy-handed, and other Marino compositions need a slicker percussive edge than a three-piece band can provide.

Marino may fly in the face of cynicism, especially in the press. I think people still have the guts to get down to a Marino show and make up their own minds. Forget the wise ass comments and listen.

JON HOTTEN

BUDGIE
Clarendon, Hammersmith

BEFORE LAST night, the only time I'd seen Budgie was 13 years ago. All I remembered about them was an album called 'Squawk' that had a Roger Dean-ish budgerigar on its cover, and that the bassist was called Burke Shelley. Oh, and I think they were from Wales.

Thirteen years later and Burke the bassist is still there, the three-piece completed by guitarist John Thomas and a drummer called Jim who, so Burke informed us, is "ex-UFO, Magnum and all the rest."

For several early minutes of Budgie's set I was surprised; more than a touch impressed by their first two songs, one of which was called 'Crime Against The World', a tremendously powerful sound for a three-piece, prompting the name AC/DC to be scribbled in the notebook.

Soon after we got 'Gunslinger', then "a song about superstars – it's called 'Superstar'", then "one about a truth drug – it's called 'Truth Drug'", then . . . Basically, after a rollicking start, it got tedious: boogies and mid-tempo shuffles; 12-to-the-bar bass drum barrages (at punishing volume) knocking you senseless; meandering, shapeless, patience-draining extended 'jams' . . . All in all, a sort of tame, medium-weight rock with a rigid formula and little of interest about it.

Highlight No. 1: "We've got a request from the front. Unfortunately we didn't write that one – it's called 'F*** Off'".

Highlight No. 2: A Rasputin lookalike jumps up on stage for a few seconds before a roadie throws him back in a 'forced mosh'. Another fan jumps up but the kids at the front won't let him mosh off and keep pushing him back on the stage. The poor guy, hovering in a permanent mid-mosh, looks over at the roadie, who is telling him to get off the stage, and shrugs his shoulders.

In a couple of days time I suspect that all I will remember about Budgie will still be that they once recorded an album called 'Squawk' that had a Roger Dean-ish budgerigar on its cover and that the bassist is called Burke Shelley.

PAUL HENDERSON

GLORY
Marquee, London

DOUG PALFREEMAN exudes angry confidence, as he stomps about the stage and sings tales of passion from the heart.

He has a star's natural command over an audience and commitment to his music. He wants you to believe, and the Marquee crowd seemed convinced both by his message and presence.

He extended an arm, somewhat imperiously, and an assistant rushed on to help him struggle out of his jacket, and then removed his shirt. Suitably stripped for action, he roared and dripped sweat through a series of rocking, unpretentious songs.

Disrobing was his only concession to showmanship. It is a tribute to Glory's maturity they can provoke cheering without recourse to excessive volume or hysterics. Doug played chunky, firm lead guitar, while bassist Paul Burns helped out with enthusiastic backing vocals. Andy Rawnsley (keyboards) and Dave Berk (drums) complete one of the best of a new crop of bands. It was a night that made up for their strife-torn debut at Reading. As they played 'Hearts Will Sing' without interruption by flying missiles, the fans yelled and this time Doug didn't need to throw an amplifier off the stage.

CHRIS WELCH

THE MACC LADS
Basins, Portsmouth

*"YER SUVERN poofters! We're The Macc Lads and we're f**kin' 'ard!"*

Yup, it's certainly hard to know just how to take The Macc Lads. If you agree with the band's view that they are nowt but a wind-up and treat their material accordingly, then the Lads represent a hysterically funny (albeit somewhat limited subject wise) collection of outrageous stories, set against a Punk/Metal musical backdrop. Sort of a village idiot version of Sham 69.

But, if on the other hand, you make like a *Sun* reader and swallow their stuff hook, line and sinker, then The Macc Lads' previously disposable toilet humour suddenly becomes a highly dangerous tool, emphasising and reconfirming every sexist, racist and bigoted manacle that so many delight in wearing.

"This is how AIDS spreads, yer poofter," quips bassist/vocalist Muttley M Lad as he becomes the target of an over-enthusiastic spitting Sid Vicious clone. Hilariously witty I'm sure, but potential ammunition in the hands of the ignorant. Songs like 'Sweaty Betty', 'Julie The Schooly' and 'Baggy Ann' brought a huge smile to my face but in reality they were simply perpetuating the myth that women are some sort of second class citizens – to be abused or revered as society sees fit but never taken seriously.

At the end of the day I take my hat off to The Macc Lads' enterprising gimmick – they must be laughing all the way to the bank at the public's gullibility – but remain seriously concerned at their audience's inability to differentiate between reality and a beer-suppin' macho fantasy.

PAUL MILLER

DECEMBER ROSE/ARMISTICE/ CYNIC/MIDNITE REIGN
Cheltenham Town Hall

ALL CREDIT to December Rose for setting their sights high and hiring the vast Cheltenham Town Hall in which to parade their wares.

But let's face facts. Whatever the intentions of the bands in this four-act heavy rock special, however much they desired to create the Texxas Jam in their home town, the plain truth of the matter was that there wasn't an act on the bill who could hold a candle to the major exponents of the genre.

Openers Midnite Reign, despite a truly crapola moniker, actually showed the most promise of all. They look a bit like schoolboys out for a jam, and there was an appalling abundance of spandex, but the band's genuine enthusiasm and smattering of cool tunes such as 'Never Too Late' and 'Victim Of Fortune' stood them in good stead. Apparently this was the band's first ever gig and if that's the case then there is certainly potential!

Next up were Cynic. Easy to be cynical about 'n' all, when the lead vocalist sports a white dinner jacket affair and the band veer from almost Thrashy Metal to heartfelt Pomp soppiness. They didn't really look or play like a band and while they did have a smattering of ideas, nothing really gelled into something particularly special. But perseverance can do wonders for a band!

Armistice, however, are utterly beyond hope.

Dressed to the nines in the most ridiculous array of cut up T-shirts and pink spandex you will ever see, and sounding like a more pompous, more tedious Queensrÿche, Armistice were every good music lover's nightmare. I racked my brains to find anything of note in their set but all I could do was note down a coupla song titles and the big capitals which read POMPOUS DRIVEL!

And so to December Rose. Again I'd say that the name is a little bit of a drawback – it's vacuous. Despite the backing of a healthy wad of Marshall stacks December Rose had real trouble getting across in a gargantuan hall looking more empty by the minute.

December Rose are trying to be too clever by half without yet having the basics down. There shouldn't be a pointless bass/drum extravaganza called 'Snowstorm' at this stage. What you want to be doing is writing irresistible, short, straight pop rockers which people feel compelled to dance to. They just didn't have the necessary *pizzazz* and as such the night ended as a damp squib.

HOWARD JOHNSON

OMEGA
Kisstadion, Budapest

OUTSIDE IN the warm Budapest night, Omega played in front of a home audience. This was their 25th anniversary and for a Hungarian band who sing in their own language and whose market is therefore virtually restricted to their home country and a couple of its close neighbours, it represents a quite staggering level of success and achievement.

With only a couple of personnel changes, many years ago; more than 25 albums to their credit, with combined sales of many millions; the band is easily able to draw audiences like tonight's (around 13,000) and get peak viewing on national TV. And have *you* heard of Omega before?

In terms of stage production it was a show to match that of all but the very biggest of the Western superstars: magnificent, creative lighting, smoke and dry ice in abundance, a laser display that shames just about any other I've seen, and the odd special effect that I haven't seen *anywhere* before – like having the front-of-stage curtain fall dramatically to the ground by igniting a row of firecrackers to explode the tethering points.

As the drape hit the deck, the Kraftwerk-like instrumental intro gave way to the first of a number of energetic rockers – the powerful, ever-precise drumming of Debreczani Ferenc (aka Ciki) underpinning a fierce chordal guitar passage while sparkle-jacketed singer János Kóbor, pursued at every move by a TV camera or two, took his selection of hip-thrusting poses from the Rogers/Plant/Coverdale catalogue out along one of a pair of catwalks flanking a stage awash with dense colour.

The songs in Omega's mammoth, two-and-three-quarter hour set were a successful diverse collection of disparate styles mixed into a potent, colourful cocktail. From sweeping melodies and patchwork structure in the 'classic' Genesis/Pink Floyd vein to the disco-beat of 'low-scoring Eurovision Song Contest entries', straight in with both feet to the hi-tech synth territory of Tangerine Dream; from thunderous, guitar-propelled power-rock to a punkish stab, to a slab of what sounded like rock-ish versions of gloomy Hungarian folk themes. And slotted somewhere in the middle was one of the most endurable drum solos I've yet heard – technically excellent, exciting to watch, and fizzing with inventive use of electronics and outrageous sampled sounds.

And the audience loved every bit of it, singing themselves hoarse to songs that were released before many of them were even born.

Omega are a good enough live act to remain a very big fish in a small pond for many years yet. If they sang in English, they could, with a careful selection of their most palatable material, compete with some of the best live attractions that the rest of Europe has to offer.

PAUL HENDERSON

PHANTASM
Plinston Hall, Letchworth

IN THE small confines of the Plinston Hall, Phantasm played with the kind of enthusiasm, recklessness and intensity which gives hope for the future of British Metal.

From the opener, despite losing the intro music somewhere in Dave Dufort's (ex-Angel Witch/Tytan) travelling bag, Phantasm showed they were out to prove a point. On 'Too Far Too Late', guitarist Garry Jones rattled off a machine gun riff which would stop a herd of stampeding elephants dead in their tracks.

Vocalist Jan Stevens is the object of every male's wet dream. She pouts, wiggles, smiles, teases and seduces her audience into a state of near hysteria. But don't be fooled by appearances – behind the make-up lurks a voice of animalistic proportions.

'Love Is A Dangerous Game', 'Battle Of The Broken Hearts' and 'She's Ready For Rock' give Phantasm a new identity: Just William on acid, the kind of music which sticks two fingers up at you and then hurtles off into the distance leaving you with a sweet taste in your mouth and the burning desire to follow.

On 'The Stealer', Tom Prince – a refugee from Welsh rockers Tredegar – shows the backbone behind Phantasm. A bassist of infinite competence, Tom is the unsung hero who shifts Phantasm into overdrive.

The music is generally hard, heavy, sweaty and raw. But the band is tight with just the scent of polish which makes them totally credible. Also, I'd like to have seen them on a larger stage, as they seemed restricted in their mobility. But their presence and ability augurs well for the future.

Phantasm is a nine-letter word. So are 'brilliant', 'excellent', 'competent'. Phantasm will be the ultimate rock formula – just add adrenalin.

MARK NORMAN

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KERRANG! LIVEWIRE

SAMSON
Basins, Portsmouth

POOR OLD Paul Samson. If talent was measured in 'Top Of The Pops' appearances then his mug would be more instantly recognisable than Gary Davies' nose. After the umpteenth incarnation of Samson, a solo career and a brief flirt with the more melodic fancies of Empire, he's back where he belongs, at the helm of yet another band of recruits – Mick White, Toby Sadler, Dave Boyce and Charlie Mackenzie – as the all-new Samson.

So new in fact that this sparsely attended Basins gig was actually the line-up's debut. Yet it rarely smacked of the cock-ups, extended between-song silences or exposed raw nerves that usually threaten a band in its infancy. Indeed, for the most part, they were as professionally thorough as anything you'd expect with Mr. Samson's name on.

Mick White – a Samson cohort from the Empire days – admittedly had a little trouble with the vocal mix, making the effectiveness of his musical contribution difficult to assess. Although, from his stage strutting swagger and buttock-thrusting-at-audience routine to the way he performed the obligatory wriggle-out-of-jacket-after-first-number sequence, there's no doubt that the man's a born poseur.

And Samson 1987 have finally solved the age old problem of being forced to use a full-time keyboard player when you really only wanted one for those awfully nifty intros anyway. The artful buggers simply turned him off for the majority of the set (although, judging by the way Toby Sadler persisted in playing on regardless of the fact that no-one could hear him, I'd say he probably wasn't in on the secret) thus ridding themselves of those unsightly keyboard stains.

Songwise the older material was pretty much discriminated against (only 'Earth Mother', 'Losing My Grip' and 'Riding With The Angels' survived the voyage) but, as most of the audience were remarkably youthful, few seemed to notice. Thankfully much of the newer stuff had shed the excess commerciality of those Empire days and appeared intent on marrying Paul's blues heritage with a metallic cutting edge far more in keeping with modern tastes.

And, with the unveiling of 'The Silver Screen' – the title track of their forthcoming album – with its typical Samson riff and classy solo, it's obvious that Samson are far from the stodgy left-overs that many would have you believe.

PAUL MILLER

THEN JERICO
Town And Country Club, London

THERE ARE those who think Then Jerico are just like Simple Minds. They're not. They're better. *Much* better.

This presumptuous thought occurred to me just as the funk-stained raunch of 'Blessed Days', Jerico's opening number, began to swirl around this packed and heaving hall with a tidal wave effect. For unlike Jim Kerr's immaculately produced stadium rock which in reality struggles to make the essential transition from compact disc to concert hall, Then Jerico's inspirational fusion of modern musical styles simply bursts into awesome animation at the flash of a spotlight.

And it is, truly, Stadium Rock. A huge, huge sound characterised by the kind of sweeping emotional crescendo that massages the heart of 'A Quiet Place (Apathy And Sympathy)', the superb 'Big Area', hit single 'The Motive' and new single 'Muscle Deep', it simply *demands* the presence of 10,000 faces and all the trappings of a big arena. Experiencing it even in this decent corner of North London seemed faintly absurd at times, especially when the mini-hysteria of those who've succumbed to the mass media-promoted charms of singer Mark Shaw rippled its way back from the front rows.

Yet, remarkably, Then Jerico never sound stifled or claustrophobic in these surroundings – a testament to the sheer amount of grassroots live work the band have put in.

Mark Shaw himself is developing into a powerful and magnetic performer with each show. Neatly chiselled features glistening with sweat beneath the shimmering lights, he heaves his soul into each song, hardly pausing from an energetic routine of dancing and physical expression, and manages to make each song sound like the first with such boundless enthusiasm. 'Fault', 'Let Her Fall', 'Stable Boy' . . . the pace is a punishing one and the band are airtight and dangerously incisive, but Shaw imposes himself on every track with an intuitive sense of interpretation and an instinctive ability to entertain.

And entertain Then Jerico certainly do. Their songs may carry sensitive and personal messages, but the band are never too pompous or pretentious, and unleash themselves onto the diamond-hard rhythms of Wren and Stainthorpe with relish. You reckon they're a pop band after seeing them on Top Of The Pops? With the guitars of Scott Taylor and Rob Downes ringing around my ears as the band reach their third encore I find that hard to believe.

Then Jerico are the best live band I've seen this year, and I suggest you savour the intimacy of these club shows, for the world's stadia beckon.

MARK PUTTERFORD

THE REDBEARDS
Mr Cs, Poole

DRESSED FROM cowboy hat to foot in black, with matching (cheap) sunglasses and wild west moustaches, lean mean guitars oiled for some serious action, a huge steer's head with red arc lights for eyes propped up in front of Big Duke Delite's drum kit, songs all hung over with that Saturday night ZZ feel . . . . yup, you'd definitely be forgiven for believing that this bunch of Northerners really do come from Texas.

"This is the first date of our 'Havin' A Ball' tour of England and I can tell you that you're the best we've played to so far," drawled the razor wit of bassist/vocalist Wild Huss Maverick III, insisting on dragging that myth out yet further.

And yet, when you consider that the nearest that these would-be rustlers get to Texas is watching Bobby'n' Sue Ellen doing their stuff on the box, then the image is surprisingly complete and convincing, from their well-rehearsed visual impact to the good time carefree attitude that exudes copiously from the pores of every tune they perform. It is obviously wise old heads playing this particular game.

But, in order to get the best from The Redbeards, it is advisable to view them more as a complete package. Few of their songs are individually special and even the covers – 'I Saw Her Standing There', 'The Wanderer', and ol' Gazza's 'I Didn't Know I Loved You ('Til I Saw You Rock'n'Roll)' – were little more than natural extentions of the band's own material. But look at the pseudo cowboys in their entirety – mock Suvern drawls, the ice-cool image and that hippest of rock'n'roll grooves – then The Redbeards are genuinely irresistible.

Working in a field of almost none – Mad Dog, County Line and Splitcrow are the only rivals that spring readily to mind – and with the current popularity of the likes of The Satellites, The Rainmakers and, of course, ZZ Top themselves, then The Redbeards are not only genuinely irresistible but an evens bet for some active chart duty too.

PAUL MILLER

CHARLIE MOUSE
Marquee, London

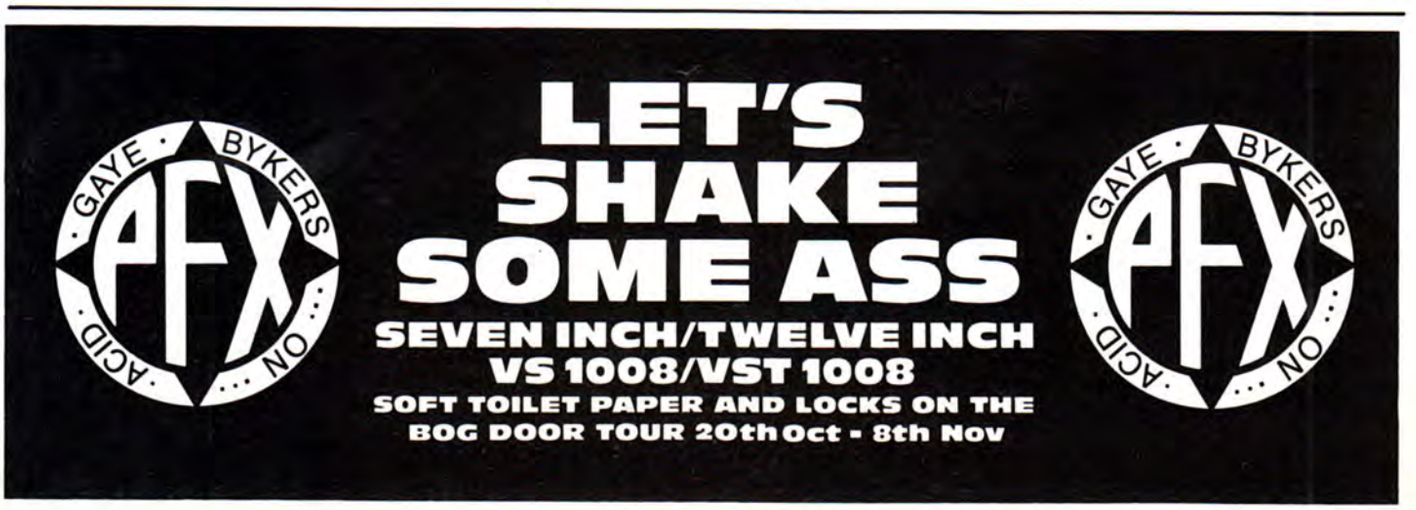
AS THE panting hordes waited impatiently for headliner Lisa 'Queen Of Slam Divers' Dominique to finish applying her make-up, they were rudely wrenched from lustful reveries by the unholy din of opening act Charlie Mouse.

My interest in this noisy Oxford-based trio was piqued by diverse reports hailing them as Britain's answer to LA dirt-bags such as Guns n' Roses and Faster Pussycat. Unfortunately, I found their brief set somewhat disappointing. On the positive side, they do have some fine songs. 'Wrecked With The Jet Set', 'Burnin' Up' and 'Dirty Girls' are all solid, simple examples of slack-wristed trasherama as it should be played.

They certainly succeeded in getting the Lisa fans bouncing about and joining in with infectious choruses. However, despite the stadium-stomping potential of the Mouse material, I felt that the band's ramshackle-glam appearance detracted from the main thrust of the music. In short, they please the ear, but not the eye, and that simply ain't good enough in the glitzz bizz! Still, a little bit of spit'n'polish and we could be talking in much more favourable terms.

I sincerely hope that Charlie Mouse can get their act together 'cause I kinda like their raucous jacket, but it remains to be seen whether they can withstand competition from vastly superior British trash'n'flash acts such as Tigertailz and Wolfsbane.

MAURA SUTTON



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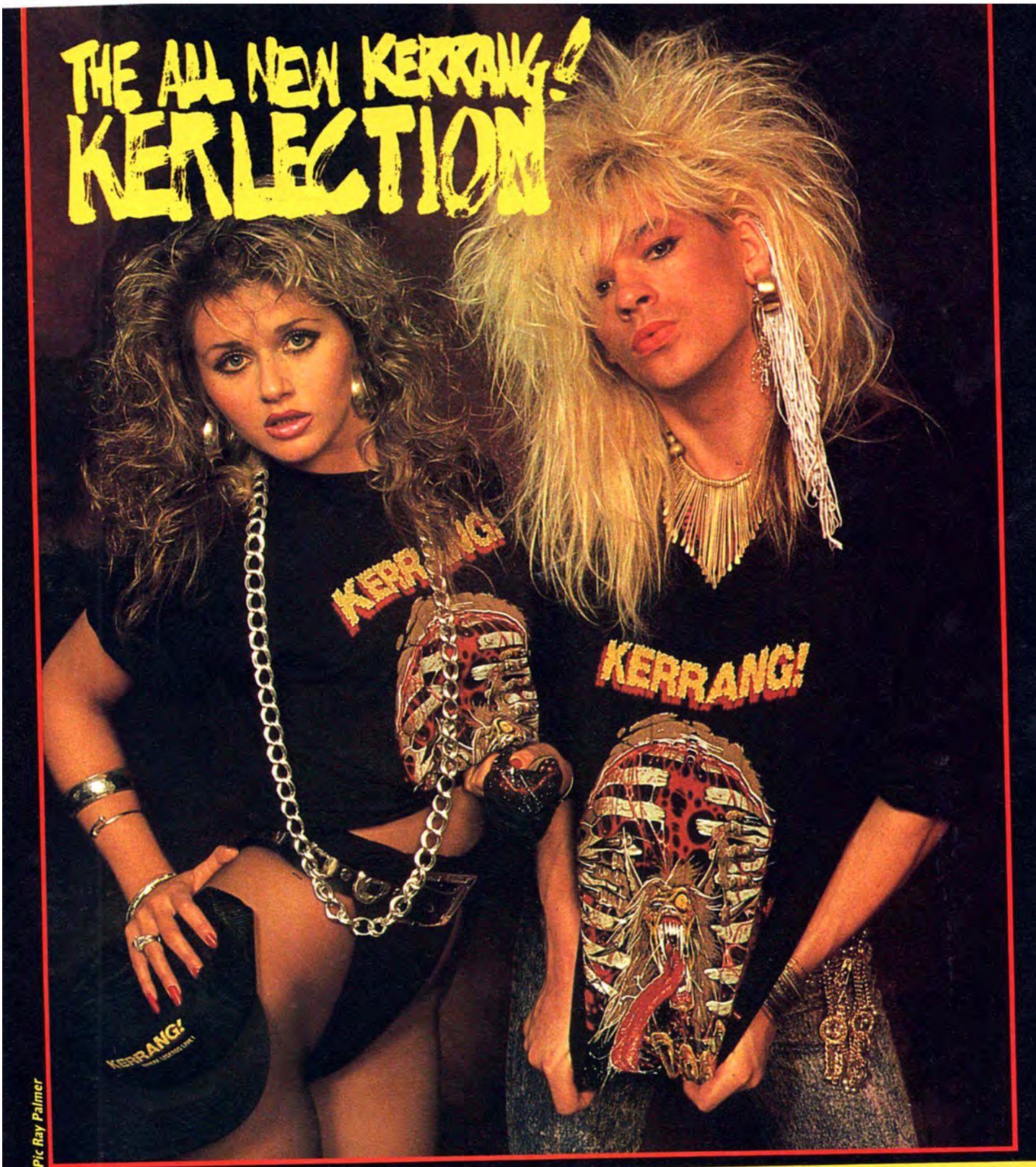

Pic Ray Palmer

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Pic Ross Halfin

LIFESON TIMES

Eschewing bottles of Jack Daniel's and girls in bikinis, RUSH guitarist ALEX 'Proud To Be Boring' LIFESON (pictured left) finds 'time' to plug new album 'Hold Your Fire' and discuss the meaning of life with MARK PUTTERFORD

'I turn my back to the wind, I catch my breath before I start off again . . .'
(**'Time Stand Still'**)

ALEX LIFESON, the pleasant and unaffected guitarist of mega-band Rush, slowly unfolds a copy of his itinerary for the day with the barest hint of a sigh. Interviews, photo sessions, meetings . . . there's hardly time for a cup of tea in between the appointments that have to be packed into these short promotional visits, as PRs dash around desperately trying to keep everything to schedule and cars rev quietly outside hotels and studios, waiting to whisk Alex away to his next engagement. Time is of the essence.

If only time could stand still. If only you could turn your back to the wind of change and live certain moments in your life for a little bit longer. I mean, didn't those teenage years when you discovered exciting new bands like Rush flash by too quickly? And wouldn't it be great to press some kind of pause button and savour the good things in life right *now*?

Right now I'm sharing a pot of tea with Alex Lifeson in his West London hotel. And 'time' is the basic concept from which the new Rush album, 'Hold Your Fire', originated.

In fact, it's been a long time since Rush released an album; it's two years since 'Power Windows'. The band, very much masters of their own destiny in both a creative and productivity sense after years of international success, like to take more time off these days and be at home in Canada with their families. Alex, Geddy Lee and Neil Peart are all married with children (Alex has two sons of 17 and 10, Geddy has a son of six and Neil a daughter of nine), and as they find themselves in their 30s they realise the importance of slowing their pace down. No, when it comes to making albums these days, Rush certainly *don't* . . .

"The thing is," Alex explains, "albums take so damn long to make! A coupla months to write, six weeks to get everything together before going into the studio proper, and then four to six months of actual studio time."

But it's all worth it if the end result is as strong and stimulating as 'Hold Your Fire', perhaps the natural successor to the top quality techno rock of 'Power Windows'. It's one of the most accomplished albums of the year for sure, and an appropriate and thoughtful study of 'time' (and 'instincts') in Rush's 13th year of existence.

Alex, naturally, is very pleased with the album; he grins proudly when I tell him I like it. But we don't have time to merely exchange pleasantries – by asking about the themes of individual tracks.

"Actually," Alex begins, "the first track, 'Force Ten', was written almost as an after-thought. We wanted to do one more song and we threw it together pretty quickly; Pye Dubois, who co-wrote the lyrics for 'Tom Sawyer' with Neil, gave us some lyrics to look over, and while Neil changed them around and brought out the theme, Geddy and I brainstormed for a few hours until we came up with all the others parts. We wrote and recorded 'Vital Signs', 'New World Man' and 'Natural Science' like that, and it's fun to work that way when most of the album is already completed, because there's very little pressure on you.

"Lyrically, I think Neil's talking about using all the energy that's available to us and diving into things instinctively. In some ways, 'Prime Mover' (*not* the Zodiac Mindwarp song!) is similar to this one in that it deals with the motivation that drives us to do things, and the instinct that we all have to achieve something in our lives.

"Instinct is also something Neil wrote about on 'Open Secrets' and 'High Water'," Alex adds. "With 'Open Secrets' I think we're dealing with the defensive barriers that we put up instinctively in certain situations and relationships, and how we try to protect ourselves from lowering our defences at the wrong time. I think this is a very personal song from Neil, and I bet we've all been through the experience that he describes here.

"'High Water' on the other hand concerns perhaps our ultimate instinct – our return to water. We spend the first nine months of our lives in water . . . and I mean, even before that we evolved from life in the seas, so returning to water really has to be *the* natural instinct.

"Another instinct we have," Alex continues, "is the killer instinct – the ability to kill for no reason at all. We're all capable of this terrible power, so it's important to keep it under control . . . and that's what 'Lock And Key' is all about."

. . . A particularly poignant song in the light of the Hungerford massacre . . .

"Yeah, we heard about that," Alex gasps, "it was shocking. But it just goes to show you that it can happen *anywhere* if somebody is triggered off by a certain thing. I mean, you may feel, sitting here, that you'll never pick up a gun and shoot someone, right? But if someone threatened the life of your child then your behaviour would naturally change to the extreme and you *would* be capable of killing someone. Everyone would."

Do you agree with the opinion that violent movies like 'Rambo' can trigger off our killer instinct?

"I can see that if someone is mentally or emotionally unstable to start with, a movie like 'Rambo' will trigger off something horrific, yes," Alex considers. "But now we're dealing with censorship and . . . well, there are lots of people who enjoy those movies and simply look upon them as harmless entertainment. What can you do?

"However, I do feel that violence in graphic detail on TV or in movies – like people getting their heads chopped off – isn't necessary at all. Look at Alfred Hitchcock; you never saw anyone having their flesh ripped open or anything, you just saw the curtain being pulled open and the blood going down the plug hole . . . the rest was left to your imagination. In comparison, 'Friday The 13th' is just very trashy, very unnecessary."

Are Rush lyrics supposed to leave a certain amount to the listener's imagination?

"Well, Neil's writing is difficult to interpret at the best of times," Alex laughs, "even for me! We discuss the lyrics with Neil and try to understand them, because we *are* in the same group as him and we *do* have to know what we're saying! But I think his lyrics are becoming easier to understand. It's a shame Neil's not here, as he'd be able to answer that question better than me."

Why does Neil shy away from interviews?

"Neil actually doesn't mind doing interviews, but he prefers to do them on tour, when he feels it's part of the job.

"Neil is a very private person – he really cherishes his spare time, away from the spotlight – and I guess that's partly why he wrote 'Mission' on the new album. It deals with the obsession artists of any kind have with their art, and how you have to pay the price for your self-satisfaction or success. That price is usually your privacy, and it's something he touched on before with 'Limelight' from the 'Moving Pictures' album."

You say Neil is a private person, and yet his lyrics on 'Hold Your Fire' are much more personal and revealing than anything he's written before.

"Yeah, that's true. Most of Neil's writing has been from the viewpoint of a mere observer, looking at facts and opinions on facts. He never preaches, but suggests a point of view and tries to get people to think about that particular topic a little more.

"But this record is generally more personal, and deals with growing up, the importance of time and all that kinda stuff. Like, 'Turn The Page' describes how our lives are written out on a page, how each experience is written on another page, and how going through life is like flicking through a book.

"And then 'Tai Shan' was inspired by a cycling trip Neil undertook in China a coupla years ago, where at one point

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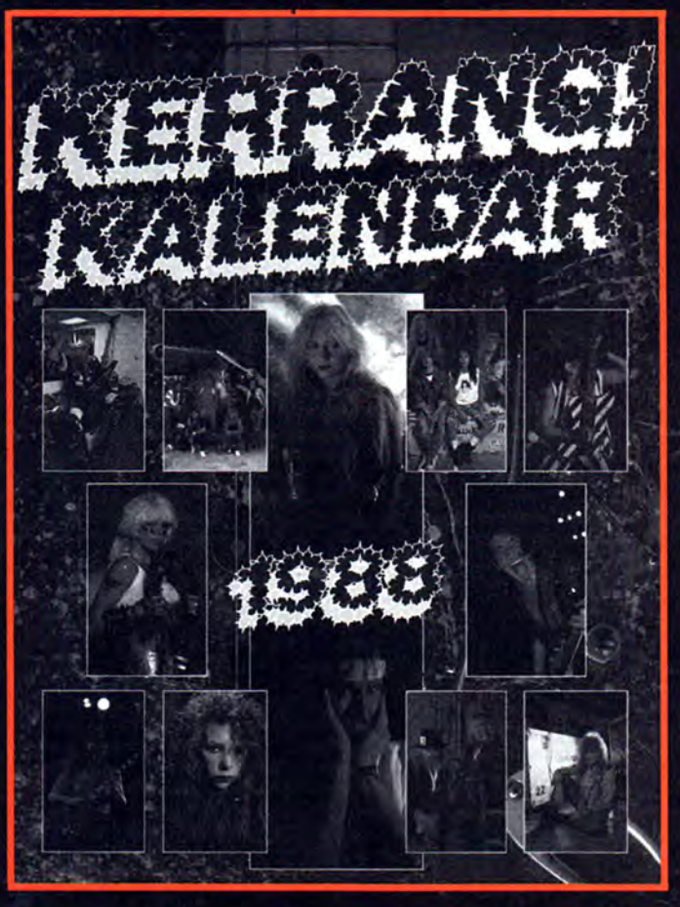

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LIFESON

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

he was up on a mountain and was amazed by the sight of this great expanse of timeless land. He looked around him and thought how in a million years time it'll all still be there, whereas no trace of us will be. It was a very enlightening experience for him, and the one thing that which really turned Neil on to the 'time' concept.

The 'time' concept is no more apparent than on 'Time Stand Still', which is really the most self-explanatory song on 'Hold Your Fire'.

"Yeah, it's really just saying that so often things go by that, in retrospect, you feel you didn't absorb as well as you could've done," says Alex. "It's about the wish for the ability to just stop things exactly how they are and absorb them a little more, and I guess it's the result of maturity."

Are you worried about getting older, then?

"Oh no, no. I mean, it'd be great to have the youthfulness of an 18 year old again, but I'm certainly a lot happier now at 34 than I was at 18. I'm a lot more stable now, and in fact every year I feel better and better about my life and how I'm living it . . . although it is a little more difficult to lose weight when you're older!" Alex laughs, referring to the fact that he's recently put on 12 pounds after giving up smoking.

"No, I don't think this record is a cry to be young again, I think it's just being reflective and regarding experiences in a different light. You know, you come up through your teens and 20s and you find yourself really ploughing through life. But when you hit your 30s you find you're not so focused; you slow your pace down a little and begin to take in a lot more. I think it's natural for Neil's thoughts to become more reflective at this point in his life."

As you do get older, do you find it strange jumping up on stage and playing to kids younger than your eldest son?

"Well, I certainly think about that," Alex tries to subdue a smile. "I think I'm astonished more than anything that we've been able to stay together this long, but because we've managed to retain such an amount of artistic and commercial success without compromising or losing any integrity, I'm very proud that we have lasted.

"But yeah, after 13 years it is a bit strange playing to young kids, and I must admit that for the first few dates of a tour I feel like an old fart jumping around onstage! But after a week or so you get used to it again and you begin to feel comfortable with the situation – especially as, if I'm allowed to say so, Rush is such a good live band. If I didn't think we were great live I'd quit touring tomorrow."

You must be good at something to have retained such a loyal following after 13 years!

"HA! Yeah, we do have a very loyal following and we're all very proud of that. I think we've been able to keep that following by progressing and trying something new with each album and tour, and I think we'll always sell a certain amount of records just to the people who're curious to see what we've done."

Do you have your fans in mind when you come to record an album, or do you simply please yourselves?

"Well, it's a bit selfish I guess, but we record stuff to please ourselves. We set standards for ourselves and we try to meet those standards with every record. If the result is popular with more people than ourselves then that's great. If not, at least we've done something we wanted to do; we have to be more artistically satisfied than commercially satisfied . . . although that's easy to say when you already have commercial success like we do!"

Are you aware of what your fans want from a Rush album, though?

"I think they want us to do what we've always done – and that's to record albums that show progression of some sort. I think it's expected of us to try something new and different with each record, and we do that even though we know some of our experiments haven't quite worked. But you learn by your mistakes and try to progress next time.

"I think our fans are critical listeners. They'll sit down and study our music, our lyrics and everything, and even if they decide they don't like this, this or this track, it's satisfying for us just to know that they've taken the time to study our work."

Does it surprise you that a lot of fans still regard '2112' as your best album?

"Well, I don't know who it is who thinks that, but it's probably the people who're in their mid-20s now and who were growing up through their teens when that album came out. Your teens are very important years of your life –

you tend to absorb everything – and I guess those people felt a great affinity with '2112'.

"We know that '2112' was an important album for us – it was a very complete album – and even the '2112' tour was special because it was the first one where we started to use back-projections and that kinda stuff.

"But we'll continue to press ahead and do exactly what we feel is the right thing to do, whatever people say of our current direction. And of course, we feel that the latest thing we've done is our best album."

It's certainly one of the most accessible albums Rush have done . . .

"Yeah, people have said that," Alex nods, "but that's totally unintentional on our part.

"Actually, I worry about becoming too commercial sometimes. I mean, for a record company or a manager commerciality is a good thing of course. But if you have hit singles and become a household name you lose your cult status, and there's an appeal in having a cult status because your audience tends to be more critical, more attentive and more serious about your music. Your music doesn't become a backdrop because your fans listen to your albums three or four times before really getting into it, and we'd prefer our audience to have to take time to 'get into' our record, rather than just hear it on the radio and hum it in the bath."

Yes, you're very serious about your music and lyrics, and can hardly be classed as a fun rock'n'roll band! Are you basically boring old farts?

"Yeah, I think we are pretty boring people," Alex laughs. "I mean, we've had our share of crazy parties and living out the typical rock'n'roll lifestyle. But our music has always been very, very important to us, and although it's always tempting to be humourous and adopt a 'don't give a s**t' attitude, we never thought that kind of approach would last the test of time. I mean, you're putting your signature on something, so you want it to have validity and be taken seriously.

"No, you don't see us holding bottles of Jack Daniel's and posing with girls in bikinis . . . but after a while *that* gets boring and you realise that there's much more interesting things to do in life."

Wouldn't you like to push all the seriousness to one side for a moment and do a straightforward, AC/DC-type rock'n'roll album, though?

"No, and I think if I really wanted to be a straightforward rock'n' roll guitarist I'd make my feelings known in the band and we'd all work together until we worked something out.

"But I prefer being much more in the background with my guitar work, creating a back-drop and an atmosphere for other things to happen. It's something I've worked on very hard over the years, ever since our pre-synth days when I had to fill a lot of space with my guitar."

As there are a lot of keyboards in Rush music today, do you ever miss the space you once had between just bass, drums and guitar?

"Well, keyboards have become an integral part of the Rush sound now, but dynamically I think we still have a lot of space. For instance, 'Force Ten' doesn't have a lot of keyboards – it's basically a three piece band rocking out – and in fact I think keyboards have taken more of a back seat on this album. We've wanted Rush to be less reliant on synths ever since 'Signals', an album I can't even bring myself to listen to now!"

Another feature on the new album (which incidentally was produced by Peter Collins) is the gal vocalist on 'Time Stand Still'. How did that idea come about?

"Well, we just thought it would suit the song," says Alex. "We thought about asking Cyndi Lauper at first, and then we approached Chrissie Hynde because we thought she'd be perfect. But Chrissie was unavailable at the time so we called in Aimee Mann who was in a band called Til Tuesday, and she worked out really well. Her voice blends with Geddy's perfectly and I think it creates the right atmosphere for the song. It's just something new for Rush . . ."

. . .As is putting ten tracks on the new album – the most there's been on a Rush studio album since 'Caress Of Steel' in '75.

"Yeah, well we just thought it'd be great to have 50 minutes of music, to give people more VFM, I guess. Plus, we were aware that actual record sales only range from between 10-20% these days, with CDs and cassettes taking over the market. So we thought we wouldn't worry about the time limitations of the traditional album and stick a coupla extra tracks on it."

How about the time limitations of your next tour; will a visit to Blighty fit into your schedule this time?

"Yes. I know we spoke about coming to Europe around the time of 'Power Windows', but when it came down to finalising dates we really didn't have the time. This time, even before we finalised the American dates, we planned to come to Europe for a full tour in April. It's 99% certain."

You won't just be doing Donington, or something . . .

"No, we've *never* said we'd do Donington," Alex stresses, "even though we're rumoured to be doing it every year. We don't want to work during the summer, and in any case, we don't like doing festivals because we feel our show works much better in an enclosed arena where you're not at the mercy of the elements."

What about a live album? In the past you've released one after every four studio albums . . . and 'Hold Your Fire' is the fourth release since 'Exit Stage Left' . . .

"Actually, we've been recording our shows for some time now, and there will be a live album out probably late next year," says Alex. "We recorded a lot of stuff from the 'Grace Under Pressure' tour, two or three weeks worth of dates from the 'Power Windows' tour and we plan to record a coupla weeks worth of shows from our forthcoming tour. So we should have a great cross-section of material to choose from.

"Also, I think Rush is coming to the end of another chapter in its career, and a live album will be a nice way of tying it all up. *And* this will be the last record on our current deal with our record company and they had the option of a live album. So whichever way you look at it, the time is right for another Rush live album."

Unfortunately, the time isn't right for any more questions. A shake of the hand, a smile, and the genial guitarist is whisked away to another interview.

Still, for an hour or so at least, it seemed as though time did indeed stand still.

ALEX LIFESON: "After 13 years in Rush it is a bit strange playing to young kids, and I must admit that for the first few dates of a tour I feel like an old fart jumping around on stage!"

Pic Ross Halfin

SINGLES

1	–	CRAZY CRAZY NIGHTS **Kiss** (Vertigo)
2	1	POUR SOME SUGAR ON ME **Def Leppard** (Bludgeon Riffola/Phonogram)
3	2	WHO WILL YOU RUN TO **Heart** (Capitol)
4	–	MONY MONY **Billy Idol** (Chrysalis)
5	3	BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY **Bad News** (EMI)
6	–	WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE **Guns n' Roses** (Geffen)
7	–	LOVE WILL FIND A WAY **Yes** (Atco)
8	4	THE LONER **Gary Moore** (10)
9	9	DON'T LEAVE ME NOW **VOW WOW** (Arista)
10	5	ANIMAL **Def Leppard** (Bludgeon Riffola/Phonogram)
11	–	WAITING FOR A MIRACLE **Mama's Boys** (Jive)
12	8	WILD FLOWER **The Cult** (Beggars Banquet)
13	6	SCREAM UNTIL YOU LIKE IT **W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
14	11	ISLANDS **Mike Oldfield/Bonnie Tyler** (Virgin)
15	10	ALONE **Heart** (Capitol)
16	7	PAPER IN FIRE **John Cougar Mellencamp** (Mercury)
17	12	NEVER SAY GOODBYE **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
18	14	WONDERFUL TONIGHT **Eric Clapton** (Duck)
19	16	GIVE TO LIVE **Sammy Hagar** (Geffen)
20	24	NOTORIOUS **Loverboy** (CBS)
21	13	THE $5.98 EP: GARAGE DAYS RE-REVISITED **Metallica** (Vertigo)
22	23	STILL OF THE NIGHT **Whitesnake** (Liberty)
23	15	MODERN DAY COWBOY **Tesla** (Geffen)
24	–	SOMETHING REAL **Mr Mister** (RCA)
25	17	IS THIS LOVE **Whitesnake** (Liberty)
26	30	INDIANS **Anthrax** (Island)
27	18	GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
28	20	SUGAR MICE **Marillion** (EMI)
29	26	LI'L DEVIL **The Cult** (Beggars Banquet)
30	19	BABY TURPENTINE **Crazyhead** (Food)

STAR CHOICE

TAIME DOWNE (FASTER PUSSYCAT)
'PRIME MOVER' Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction (Mercury)
'ST. JOHN' Aerosmith (track from the 'Permanent Vacation' LP on Geffen)
'SWEET CHILD OF MINE' Guns n' Roses (track from the 'Appetite For Destruction' LP on Geffen)

ANDY GALEON (DEATH ANGEL)
'SAD WINGS OF DESTINY' Judas Priest (Gull)
'The $5.98 EP: GARAGE DAYS RE-REVISITED' Metallica (Vertigo)
'HORROR EPICS' The Exploited (Konnexion)

JASON BONHAM (VIRGINA WOLF)
'GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS,' Mötley Crüe (Elektra)
'PRIDE' White Lion (Atlantic)
'HYSTERIA' Def Leppard (Bludgeon Riffola/Phonogram)

PAM MOTTIOLI (GYPSY QUEEN)
'WHAT IS AND WHAT SHOULD NEVER BE' Led Zeppelin (track from the 'II' LP on Atlantic)
'HIGHWAY STAR' Deep Purple (track fromthe 'Machine Head' LP on Harvest)
'STILL LOVING YOU' Scorpions (track from the 'Love At First Sting' LP on Harvest)

INDIE METAL

1	–	BITTER FIT CRACK **The Macc Lads** (FM/Revolver)
2	1	MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
3	10	RIDE THE LIGHTING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
4	–	USA FOR MOD **MOD** (Noise)
5	3	SPREADING THE DISEASE **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
6	2	LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN **Poison** (Music For Nations)
7	6	THE COLLECTION **Hawkwind** (Collector Series)
8	5	KILL 'EM ALL **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
9	4	SPEED KILLS VOLUME III **Various** (Under One Flag)
10	8	FISTFUL OF METAL **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
11	7	THE PLAGUE **Nuclear Assault** (Under One Flag)
12	16	SCUM **Napalm Death** (Earache)
13	15	MIND'S EYE **Vinnie Moore** (Roadrunner)
14	11	HIGH PRIEST OF LOVE **Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction** (Food)
15	9	VISUAL LIES **Lizzy Borden** (Roadrunner)
16	13	AM I EVIL **Diamond Head** (FM/Revolver)
17	12	BREAKING THE SILENCE **Heathen** (Music For Nations)
18	14	STRICKEN BY MIGHT **E-X-E** (Axis)
19	17	DECAPITATED **Broken Bones** (Fall Out)
20	18	THE KEEPER OF THE SEVEN KEYS PART 1 **Helloween** (Noise)

ALBUMS

1	2	THE CREAM OF ERIC CLAPTON **Eric Clapton** (Polydor)
2	3	HYSTERIA **Def Leppard** (Bludgeon Riffola/Phonogram)
3	1	A MOMENTARY LAPSE OF REASON **Pink Floyd** (EMI)
4	41	THE LONESOME JUBILEE **John Cougar Mellencamp** (Mercury)
5	4	CREST OF A KNAVE **Jethro Tull** (Chrysalis)
6	6	BAD ANIMALS **Heart** (Capitol)
7	–	LIVE IN THE RAW **W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
8	–	WHITESNAKE 1987 **Whitesnake** (Liberty)
9	7	ELECTRIC **The Cult** (Beggars Banquet)
10	9	SLIPPERY WHEN WET **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
11	10	PERMANENT VACATION **Aerosmith** (Geffen)
12	11	PYROMANIA **Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
13	12	CLUTCHING AT STRAWS **Marillion** (EMI)
14	17	HEART **Heart** (Capitol)
15	13	DREAM EVIL **Dio** (Vertigo)
16	16	GO ON **Mr Mister** (RCA)
17	14	BAT OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland International)
18	35	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION **Guns n' Roses** (Geffen)
19	15	ROCK 'N' ROLL **Motörhead** (GWR)
20	22	RECKLESS **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
21	20	INTO THE FIRE **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
22	18	RADIO K.A.O.S. **Roger Waters** (Harvest)
23	33	LOVE **The Cult** (Beggars Banquet)
24	28	NIGHT SONGS **Cinderella** (Vertigo)
25	25	AUGUST **Eric Clapton** (Duck)
26	19	MECHANICAL RESONANCE **Tesla** (Atlantic)
27	34	GEORGIA SATELLITES **Georgia Satellites** (Elektra)
28	45	DEFENDER **Rory Gallagher** (Demon)
29	21	DOOR TO DOOR **The Cars** (Elektra)
30	30	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
31	31	HITS OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Epic)
32	–	BITTER FIT CRACK **The Macc Lads** (FM/Revolver)
33	49	SAINTS AN' SINNERS **Whitesnake** (Fame/EMI)
34	32	BON JOVI **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
35	–	KEEL **Keel** (MCA)
36	29	WILD FRONTIER **Gary Moore** (10)
37	47	THE FINAL COUNTDOWN **Europe** (Epic)
38	36	DARK SIDE OF THE MOON **Pink Floyd** (Harvest)
39	27	AMONG THE LIVING **Anthrax** (Island)
40	40	THE WALL **Pink Floyd** (Harvest)
41	39	7800° FAHRENHEIT **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
42	26	ORIGINAL MASTERS **Jethro Tull** (Chrysalis)
43	24	MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
44	re	WISH YOU WERE HERE **Pink Floyd** (Harvest)
45	23	GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS, **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
46	38	ROVER'S RETURN **John Waite** (EMI America)
47	37	AUTOBIOGRAPHY **Supertramp** (A&M)
48	–	WIRED UP **Jeff Paris** (Vertigo)
49	re	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
50	44	TRICK OR TREAT **Fastway** (CBS)

US HM RADIO

1	1	THE $5.98 EP: GARAGE DAYS RE-REVISITED **Metallica** (Mercury)
2	22	RAISING FEAR **Armored Saint** (Chrysalis)
3	8	HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING **Savatage** (Atlantic)
4	6	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION **Guns n' Roses** (Geffen)
5	3	HYSTERIA **Def Leppard** (Bludgeon Riffola/Mercury)
6	2	ABIGAIL **King Diamond** (Roadrunner)
7	10	THE KEEPER OF THE SEVEN KEYS PART 1 **Helloween** (Noise/RCA)
8	11	BREAKING THE SILENCE **Heathen** (Music For Nations)
9	7	ONCE BITTEN **Great White** (Capitol)
10	4	WHITESNAKE 1987 **Whitesnake** (Geffen)
11	15	PERMANENT VACATION **Aerosmith** (Geffen)
12	14	VISUAL LIES **Lizzy Borden** (Enigma)
13	9	AMONG THE LIVING **Anthrax** (Megaforce/Island)
14	13	METHODS OF MADNESS **Obsession** (Enigma)
15	5	DREAM EVIL **Dio** (Warner Bros)
16	12	ROCK YOU TO HELL **Grim Reaper** (RCA)
17	16	FASTER PUSSYCAT **Faster Pussycat** (Elektra)
18	20	HURRICANE EYES **Loudness** (Atco)
19	18	INTO THE PANDEMONIUM **Celtic Frost** (Noise/Combat)
20	24	PRIDE **White Lion** (Atlantic)

IMPORTS

1	1	CRAZY NIGHTS **Kiss** (Phonogram)
2	2	HOLD YOUR FIRE **Rush** (Anthem)
3	3	NATIVE SONS **Strangeways** (RCA)
4	–	PERFECT TIMING **MSG** (Capitol)
5	–	GROWING UP THE HARD WAY **Mama's Boys** (Jive)
6	–	RISING FROM THE SEA **Exumer** (Disaster)
7	–	WILDEST DREAMS **Saga** (Atlantic)
8	6	RAISING FEAR **Armored Saint** (Chrysalis)
9	–	DEATH CRUSH **Mayhem** (Poser Courts)
10	7	DANGEROUS ATTRACTION **Lion** (Scotti Brothers)

NEXT ISSUE

WHAT IS it you look forward to even more than Christmas? Even more than payday? Gosh, even more than opening time?! Yep, when *Kerrang!* is unleashed on unsuspecting newsagents everywhere, such events just pale into insignificance. So to whet your appetite, a sneak preview of what awaits you next week . . .

- **Alice Cooper's (pictured right) nightmarish fizzog can be seen on the *K!* kover to herald his annual bean-spilling to the press**
- **A shock-horror-drugs-exclusive Aerosmith interview, where Steve Tyler confesses to having spent $1 million on cocaine**
- **Warlock's Doro Pesch narrowly survives a Chirazi interrogation about life, the universe, and the new album**
- **And yes, you thought you'd had the last of your stikkas, but we're so kind we thought we'd give you some more so you can actually fill the book . . . Def Leppard, Magnum, Gary Moore, Ace Frehley, The Cult and David Lee Roth!**
- **Another kompetition rears its bank-breaking head, with a chance to win a Premier drum kit and Paiste cymbals. A prize which should send the winner's neighbours scattering . . .**
- **You've heard of big? You've heard of mega?! Well we've got the exclusive British tour dates for a HUGE band!!! (If that don't force you to buy the flippin' mag, then nothing will!)**

All this and more (?!) in *Kerrang!* 159, cover dated 24 October, on sale 20 October

PANDORA PEROXIDE

by Ray Zell

I RECKON you could say that if these Yankee gals are anything to go by, then the sooner we experience a new **Ice** age the better.

The trio of cold comfort cuddlies here are called Ice and they come from Seattle. Formed in July 1986, the band came out of a friendship between guitarist **Sherry Salazar** and bassist **Alicia Nosworthy**. They teamed up with lead vocalist/keyboards player **Paula Clett** and guitarist **Allan Beardsley**/drummer **Randy Buhler** (yeah, there *are* two fellas in the line-up as well). Mmm, Ice – something to cuddle up against on a cold Winter's night!

MALCOLM DOME

LEE AARON

ZODIAC MINDWARP & THE LOVE REACTION

SLAYER

HELLOWEEN

W.A.S.P.

ALICE COOPER